



MAKER OF DEMONS

BY MATTHEW J ELLIOTT

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY
Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED
His companion.

MEL: BONNIE LANGFORD
His other companion.

ALONSO/ CALIBAN/ GONZALO:
50s-60s, male. Weary leader, still retaining some optimism./
Terrifying demagogic leader of a mutated mole-like race, speaks
through a voice synthesizer./ Bombastic spaceship captain./

MIRANDA:
20s, female. Dedicated, brusque military officer.

JUNO:
50s, female. Bitter and acerbic scientist.

TALPA:
20s, male. A mutated mole (Mogera), he goes from mindless killer to
something more intelligent, then back to bestial. Like KLOSSI, his
massive fangs are an issue when speaking.

STEPHANO/ KLOSSI:
40s, male. Wounded family man./ Mogeran soldier, he revels in his own
brutality.

TRINK/ SETEBOS:
30s, male. Distinctly working class (Brummie?) bartender-cum-
conspiracy theorist with a very high opinion of himself./ Trink's
"radio" voice, an upper-class version of himself.

ALSO: THE MOGERA (rage-driven mutated mole-like beasts).

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PART ONE**SCENE 1: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – BRIDGE**

FX: PRE-RECORDED FANFARE.

GONZALO:

When people speak of this day in a hundred years, they shall look upon it as the day on which two races were blessed with the soft phrase of peace. For too many years, our fleet drifted through space, where hope is coldest and despair best fits. But deliverance came in an unexpected form, when a blue box materialised onboard *The Duke of Milan*. That is why today, this day of days, we honour those who set us on a true course, the Doctor and Mel!

FX: CROWD OF ABOUT A HUNDRED APPLAUDS.

GONZALO:

Not only did they find a new world for us to inhabit, but one containing a new and sustainable source of energy. And when paradise seemed within our grasp, we came to realise that this unnamed world was already inhabited, by the subterranean race we now know are called the Mogera. Once again, the Doctor came to our aid. In honour of our new-found co-operation, the Mogera and I have agreed to bestow upon this planet the name "Prosper." What's past is prologue, the seeds of time have this day been planted!

FX: THE CROWD GOES WILD, CHEERING AND APPLAUDING.

SCENE 2: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – ANTEROOM

FX: THE DOCTOR IS PLAYING THE SPOONS.

MEL:

Not the spoons, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

We'll be on in a minute - I thought the colonists might appreciate a little entertainment.

MEL:

Don't you think they've been through enough?

DOCTOR:

Oh, very well.

FX: HE STOPS PLAYING.

MEL:

You know, I still can't believe we're actually on a spaceship, and not some ocean-going galleon.

DOCTOR:

Really, Mel?

MEL:

If it weren't for the fact that I look out of the portholes and see stars...

DOCTOR:

A galleon in space - what a fanciful notion.

MEL:

You must admit, there is something strange about a wood-panelled spaceship.

DOCTOR:

Yes, you've not yet found every room in the TARDIS, have you?

MEL:

It's not just *The Duke of Milan* itself, it's the people, too - the Elizabethan fashions, those collars, the way they talk...

DOCTOR:

Remind me to tell you about the Minyans and the Anethans.

MEL:

What does that mean?

DOCTOR:

The tides of time wash in as well as out, Mel.

MEL:

So everything comes back again? Fashions, architecture, everything?

DOCTOR:

Everything. Except for loom bands - they were just a one-off.

FX: A DOOR SLIDES OPEN AUTOMATICALLY.

GONZALO:

(OFF-MIC) ... to present to you all now, the Doctor and Mel!

DOCTOR:

Ah, we're on! Come along.

THEY EXIT INTO:

SCENE 3: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – BRIDGE (CONTINUOUS)

FX: THE DOCTOR AND MEL WALK OUT OVER A WOODEN FLOOR TO MUCH APPLAUSE.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, thank you. Oh my goodness, what a lot of you there are.

GONZALO:

And many more in the ships following us, Doctor. This ceremony is being simulcast to every one of them.

DOCTOR:

No need to stand on ceremony for us, you know.

MEL:

He doesn't usually like to hang around for the celebrations after the job's done. Personally, I love it.

DOCTOR:

It was mostly good luck, you know.

MEL:

Luck, and a decent collection of maps from the TARDIS' interstellar cartography room.

DOCTOR:

I really don't understand the need for all this ceremony.

MEL:

(HUSHED) Quiet, Doctor! Why can't you just learn to accept what you deserve?

FX: GONZALO PRODUCES THE TREATY.

GONZALO:

I have in my hand a piece of paper...

DOCTOR:

Ah, that brings back memories.

GONZALO:

... a pact between our race and the Mogera. Their leader has already placed his- his mark on it. And I am pleased to add my signature...

FX: THE SCRATCHING OF A QUILL PEN.

GONZALO:

Peace and prosperity!

FX: THE CROWD CHEERS AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

Hear, hear!

GONZALO:

Doctor, some words!

MEL:

Oh, I'm not sure that's a good idea. He tends to get a bit tongue-tied.

DOCTOR:

Nonsense, Mel, I can talk the back legs off a hankie.

MEL:

The Doctor's very happy for both humans and Mogera, and he wishes you all the best for the future.

FX: THE CROWD APPLAUD.

DOCTOR:

Couldn't have put it better myself.

MEL:

I know.

SCENE 4: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – CORRIDOR

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR, MEL AND GONZALO APPROACH THE TARDIS.

GONZALO:

You surely haven't grown bored with us already, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I could never grow bored of an adventure without fatalities. But we really must be on our way in my TARDIS.

MEL:

The Doctor worries that she might start to pine.

FX: THEY STOP WALKING.

DOCTOR:

Well, here we are.

MEL:

It's been a pleasure, Captain Gonzalo.

GONZALO:

And an honour for us all.

FX: THE DOCTOR TURNS THE KEY IN THE TARDIS LOCK.

DOCTOR:

What do you say to a holiday, Mel?

MEL:

Oh, yes, Doctor! I haven't been to Earth in ages.

FX: THE TARDIS DOOR OPENS AND THEY ENTER.

DOCTOR:

Oh, and... Look after that treaty, Captain.

FX: GONZALO HOLDS UP THE TREATY.

GONZALO:

My dear Doctor, this treaty is the purest treasure mortal times afford.

FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSES, FOLLOWED BY THE DEMATERIALISATION SOUND.

GONZALO:

(SIGHS) I thought they'd never go.

FX: HE TEARS THE TREATY IN TWO. MUSIC: OPENING THEME.

SCENE 5: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

FX: VARIOUS MECHANICAL ITEMS ARE DROPPED TO THE FLOOR, WITH INFREQUENT BUZZING FROM THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER.

ACE:

(TO MEL) So then what happened?

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED) Well, I said to poor old Tesla, "Nikola, if you don't dismantle the transmitter, the Vardans will just invade again."

MEL:

Doctor, that's not the story I was telling at all!

DOCTOR:

Oh, wasn't it?

MEL:

No! – What are you doing under the console, anyway?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS's "Check Engine" light has been on for the last four hundred years. I'm determined to get to the bottom of it.

FX: A CRYSTALLINE OBJECT SMASHES.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Well, I'm sure that wasn't important. – So what story were you telling, Mel? The were-tarantulas of Vyga 3?

MEL:

I was telling Ace about the treaty between the human colonists and the Mogera on Prosper.

DOCTOR:

Well, that's a good one, too.

ACE:

The Doctor's story sounded better.

MEL:

I thought you might prefer to hear about a time when nobody died and nothing exploded.

ACE:

You don't really know me at all, do you?

DOCTOR:

What on Earth made you think of that, Mel?

MEL:

Because you said we were headed back there!

DOCTOR:

Did I? Does that sound like the sort of thing I'd be likely to say?

ACE:

You said it was one of your items on your bucket list.

DOCTOR:

Really?

FX: HE PRODUCES THE LIST.

DOCTOR:

Oh yes, there it is, just after "duet with Frank Sinatra".

ACE:

Which you did last week.

MEL:

We were lucky to get out of that one with our lives.

DOCTOR:

Yes, he wasn't as good a sport as I'd hoped.

MEL:

Well, he did like to do things his way.

DOCTOR:

I should probably cross off "host a game show" and "find out what happened to the dinosaurs".

FX: HE CRUMPLES UP THE LIST.

DOCTOR:

And I might save "box with Joe Frazier" for a later incarnation.

ACE:

But, look, we *are* actually going to this place- what'd you say it was called again?

MEL:

Ace, weren't you listening either?

ACE:

Not really. Sorry, Mel.

SCENE 6: INT. ARMY VEHICLE

FX: INTERIOR OF THE VEHICLE, ITS WHEELS TRAVELLING OVER ROUGH GROUND, AND ITS ENGINES EMITTING A HIGH-PITCHED ENERGY NOISE. THE VEHICLE IS TRAVELLING RELATIVELY SLOWLY. A REPETITIVE SONAR BLEEP THROUGHOUT.

MIRANDA:

Sector Thirteen clear. Tell the old man he was right – they're letting us off lightly today. Right, it's two glasses past the mid-season, just a couple more sectors, and we'll call it-

FX: THROUGH STATIC, THE FAINT TARDIS MATERIALISATION NOISE.

MIRANDA:

What the hell...?

SCENE 7: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM**MEL:**

The fleet was on its way to Dido when it was hit by solar storms.

ACE:

Now, Dido I *have* heard of.

DOCTOR:

A planet not without features of interest.

FX: SOMETHING ON THE TARDIS CONSOLE SPARKS.**DOCTOR:**

Ow!

MEL:

They were low on fuel and lower on rations, so the Doctor put them on a new course, a planet so unknown it didn't even have a name. But it turned out there was a problem.

ACE:

Someone else was already living there – the Mogera, right?

DOCTOR:

Whose territory just happened to be on top of the largest source of Doctorium on the planet.

MEL:

Obviously, it wasn't called that before the Doctor discovered it.

DOCTOR:

That would have been something of a coincidence.

ACE:

I *do* know this story. Loads like it, anyway. The natives have something, the settlers want it, and they'll kill as many natives as they like to get their hands on it.

DOCTOR:

Except that on this occasion, we were able to reach an accord before a single shot was fired.

MEL:

Believe me, Ace, it would've been a bloodbath – the Mogera weren't exactly equipped for fighting. Imagine Moley from *The Wind in the Willows*.

ACE:

Can't. Never read it.

MEL:

Oh. Well, that's how they struck me, anyway. They were only about so high, and very timid. I just wanted to cuddle them to bits.

ACE:

Ugh.

DOCTOR:

They weren't unappealing, certainly.

FX: THE DOCTOR FLICKS SOME SWITCHES ON THE CONSOLE.

ACE:

Hang on, you still haven't told me what this Doctorium thing is.

DOCTOR:

The best-kept secret in the Universe – *prima materia*.

ACE:

Prima what?

DOCTOR:

An abiotic energy source produced in the bowels of the planet.

MEL:

From what I understood, it could power just about anything – it's produced naturally at the planet's core and it never runs out.

DOCTOR:

Hopefully. Let's find out.

MEL:

We've arrived? I didn't hear anything.

ACE:

Yeah, what happened to the "dummmm" noise?

DOCTOR:

Uh...

FX: HE RUMMAGES THROUGH PIECES OF EQUIPMENT.

DOCTOR:

I think it must come from one of these.

MEL:

But we are actually where we're meant to be? On Prosper?

DOCTOR:

One hundred years to the day since our last visit.

ACE:

"To the day"? So in other words we're gonna be, like, a million years out either way?

DOCTOR:

Nonsense! You're never tardy in a TARDIS, that's what I always say.

MEL:

I have literally never heard you say that.

ACE:

Me neither.

DOCTOR:

Well, you're not always here. I might've said it to Polly, or Tegan, or Sharon...

MEL:

You've never mentioned a Sharon before.

DOCTOR:

Everyone has at least one Sharon in their life.

MEL:

I think he might have a point there.

FX: HE OPENS THE DOOR AND THEY HEAD FOR THE EXIT.

DOCTOR:

And *I* think we'll find both humans and Mogera are enjoying a golden age- (TRAILS OFF AS HE SEES OUTSIDE)

SCENE 8: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER (CONTINUOUS)

FX: CHILL WIND BLOWS. THE DOCTOR, ACE AND MEL STOP SHORT IN THEIR TRACKS.

DOCTOR:

... Oh.

ACE:

Your idea of a golden age and mine are pretty different, Professor.

MEL:

This is wrong.

DOCTOR:

Very wrong.

FX: HE CLOSES THE TARDIS DOOR.

ACE:

You reckon, do you? I think The Specials wrote a song about this place.

MEL:

What happened here?

FX: THEY MOVE THROUGH THE STREETS.

DOCTOR:

I don't know, Mel.

ACE:

I was sort of expecting rocket packs and golden skyscrapers from the way you were bigging this place up.

DOCTOR:

Take it from me, rocket packs aren't always a positive sign.

ACE:

And crashed spaceships are?

MEL:

They haven't crashed. These must be the colony ships. They just landed them here and turned them into cities.

ACE:

Except there's no "they." I don't see or hear anyone. And no birds.

DOCTOR:

There weren't any in the first place.

MEL:

Doctor – this isn't because of anything we did... is it?

DOCTOR:

I'm asking myself the same question.

SCENE 9: INT. ARMY VEHICLE

FX: VEHICLE GRADUALLY PICKING UP SPEED. MIRANDA IS TALKING OVER THE RADIO WITH ALONSO.

MIRANDA:

Sector Fourteen, just a few minutes ago. We detected the noise.

ALONSO:

(D; OVER RADIO) What sort of noise?

MIRANDA:

Not a noise. *The* noise.

ALONSO:

(D) *The* noi-? (REALISATION) Oh my prophetic soul, it's finally happened!

MIRANDA:

Just as you predicted.

ALONSO:

(D) I didn't exactly predict it, but it was always a possibility. How far out are you?

MIRANDA:

We can have him back at *The Duke* within half an hour.

ALONSO:

(D) Wonderful!

FX: SMALL ALARM SIGNAL.

MIRANDA:

Wait! There's a problem. We're detecting tremors.

ALONSO:

(D) Oh no. It's too soon! Too soon!

SCENE 10: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER

FX: ACE STARTS TO WANDER OFF-MIC.

ACE:

(DEPARTING) Look, I was joking before when I said we might be out a few million years, but we could be on the wrong planet, couldn't we? I mean, it's not like aren't a few to choose from.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid this is definitely Prosper.

MEL:

And these are definitely the colonists' ships.

DOCTOR:

What's left of them.

MEL:

You're right about that, Doctor. Some of them look like they've been bombed.

ACE:

(OFF-MIC) I don't know about bombed, Mel. These seem more like claw marks.

FX: A LOW RUMBLE, RISING IN VOLUME UNDER MEL'S LINE.

MEL:

I don't remember anything on Prosper capable of doing that. Perhaps there's been an- Do you hear that?

ACE:

(OFF-MIC) Yeah, what *is* that?

DOCTOR:

Ace, get back here!

FX: A LARGE MASS OF EARTH EXPLODES, SPREADING STONES AND DIRT.

ACE:

(OFF-MIC) And what is *that*?!

FX: CLAWING AT THE GROUND, A HUGE BEING CLIMBS UP AND SETS TWO MASSIVE FEET ON THE GROUND.

MOGERA 1:

(SNUFFLES AND GROWLS)

MEL:

It's like some kind of armour-plated... ogre! It just came up from the ground!

ACE:

(OFF-MIC) He doesn't seem friendly!

DOCTOR:

The growling might just be their way of communicating!

MOGERA 1:

(A SHRIEK LIKE A WILD BOAR)

FX: THE THING SWISHES ITS CLAWS ABOUT.

ACE:

(OFF-MIC) Definitely not friendly!

MEL:

I think we know what made those claw-marks now! Ace, try to get out of its way!

ACE:

(OFF-MIC) Thanks, keep those good ideas coming!

FX: TWO MORE EXPLOSIONS OF EARTH, AND TWO MORE THINGS EMERGE.

MOGERA 2 & 3:

(ALSO SHRIEKING)

MEL:

More of them!

DOCTOR:

We're going to have to run for it!

FX: A VIOLENT WIND WHIPS UP, GROWING EVER MORE FURIOUS. THE ARMY VEHICLE SPEEDS IN AND PULLS UP.

MOGERA 1, 2 & 3:

(BEGIN TO WHIMPER IN ABJECT TERROR)

MEL:

Now what? What's going on?

DOCTOR:

I don't know, I can't see for the dust! (CALLING) Ace, can you make it to the TARDIS?

MEL:

Ace? Ace, where are you, we can't see you!

FX: THE DOOR OF THE ARMY VEHICLE SLIDES OPEN AND A FLURRY OF LASER FIRE STRIKES THREE TARGETS (THE LASER FIRE IS OF THE SAME PITCH AS THE ENGINE POWERING THE VEHICLE).

MOGERA 1, 2 & 3:

(ALL SHRIEK IN PAIN)

MEL:

Who's shooting?

MIRANDA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF-MIC) Get in!

MEL:

What?

MIRANDA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF-MIC) Both of you, get into the transport!

DOCTOR:

Do as she says!

MEL:

We don't even know who she is!

DOCTOR:

True, but she's not shooting at us, she's shooting at them!

MIRANDA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF-MIC) Hurry!

MEL:

Wait, we have a friend!

MIRANDA:

(SLIGHTLY OFF-MIC) I'm glad to hear it, now inside!

DOCTOR:

Come on, Mel!

FX: THE TWO CLAMBER INSIDE A METAL INTERIOR.

SCENE 11: INT. ARMY VEHICLE (CONTINUOUS)

FX: DOOR SLIDES SHUT.

MIRANDA:

Driver – go, go!

FX: AND THE VEHICLE BUILDS UP POWER AND SHOOTS OFF.

DOCTOR:

We can't just go, we need to wait for Ace!

MIRANDA:

It really is you, isn't it? A century later, and you look exactly the same.

DOCTOR:

That makes a change. Look, I really must insist that you turn this vehicle around–

MIRANDA:

I'm afraid that's impossible, Doctor. You're needed back at *The Duke*.

MEL:

The Duke?

MIRANDA:

The Duke of Milan – our headquarters.

MEL:

Why are you still using your old ships? Why haven't you built anything?

MIRANDA:

We've been a little busy, Mel. It *is* Mel, isn't it?

MEL:

Yes.

MIRANDA:

They said you were time-travellers. I don't think I ever believed it. It's not usually nice, being wrong – today, I'm glad I was.

DOCTOR:

Happy to be of assistance.

MIRANDA:

Driver, contact *The Duke*, tell them we've picked up our visitors, and that apparently there's a third, still wandering the streets.

DOCTOR:

Please! We need our friend.

MIRANDA:

Forgive me, Doctor, but the Minister of Fate needs you more.

MEL:

Minister of Fate? Is that another ship?

DOCTOR:

I hope so, Mel, because otherwise it sounds quite ominous.

SCENE 12: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER

FX: THE GALE IS DYING DOWN.

ACE:

Doctor? Mel? What happened? Where'd you go?

FX: SHE WANDERS AROUND.

ACE:

Anyone about? Great!

FX: SHE HAMMERS ON METAL.

ACE:

Anybody in there? You decent? Hello? Hello! Look, those things have gone now, it's safe to let me in. I'm- nice. And I'm probably talking to myself.

FX: THE RUMBLE OF A MOGERA APPROACHING UNDERGROUND, AS HEARD EARLIER.

ACE:

Uh-oh. I know that noise. Not hanging round this time! Which way's the TARDIS?

FX: SHE RUNS.

SCENE 13: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – LABS

FX: A SERIES OF ELECTRONIC NOISES IN BG OF CONSTANTLY OPERATING MACHINERY.

JUNO:

Miranda, everyone here on *The Duke's* talking about the Doctor. It's not true, is it?

MIRANDA:

(D; OVER RADIO) He's sitting right next to me right now, Juno. Is that true enough for you?

JUNO:

The actual Doctor, with the hat and the umbrella?

MIRANDA:

(D) Believe me, I'm finding it hard enough to believe and I'm actually looking at him.

JUNO:

There goes my paper on the impossibility of time travel.

MIRANDA:

(D) When would you have got around to writing it?

JUNO:

Good point. And what about the other one, Mel?

MIRANDA:

(D) She's here, too. And apparently there's another one, a female.

MEL:

(D; OFF) Her name is Ace!

MIRANDA:

She's lost in Sector Fourteen.

JUNO:

(D) Is she, now? That's not good. Do you think they know how not good it is?

MIRANDA:

(D) If they didn't before, they do now.

JUNO:

No room for tact in science. When you get back here, bring them down to the lab. I want to see the legendary Doctor for myself.

MIRANDA:

(D) Attending.

FX: THE RADIO SHUTS OFF.

JUNO:

(A LONG, DEEP SIGH) Doctor...

FX: JUNO PUSHES BACK HER CHAIR, AND WALKS OFF (OVER WOODEN FLOORS, LIKE ALL OTHER LOCATIONS ON *THE DUKE*).

JUNO:

(DEPARTING) Nobody touch anything on my workstation, I'll be right back!

SCENE 14: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR.

FX: CALIBAN SPEAKS THROUGH AN ELECTRONIC SYNTHESIZER, THOUGH HE'S STILL RECOGNIZABLY A MOGERA.

CALIBAN:

All Burrow-Brothers, take heed! A stranger wanders the streets of the human district – she is not of *The Duke of Milan*, her clothing and her ways are different. Her presence on our world is a sign! She must be brought to me! Our destiny depends upon it! The brave warrior who brings her here will have earned himself a promotion – away from the main battle!

MOGERAS (ABOUT A DOZEN):

(SHRIEK ENTHUSIASTICALLY)

FX: THEY STAMP THEIR FEET AS THEY SHRIEK.

SCENE 15: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – ENTRY BAY.

FX: THE DOCTOR, MEL AND MIRANDA HURRY INTO THE SHIP. ALONSO APPROACHES.

ALONSO:

(APPROACHING) Miranda! Juno told me everything!

FX: THE BAY DOOR CLOSES AUTOMATICALLY.

MIRANDA:

Hard to believe, I know. But here's the proof.

MEL:

I think they're talking about us, Doctor.

ALONSO:

Indeed I am, child!

DOCTOR:

The Minister of Fate, I presume?

ALONSO:

Alonso, please! The Doctor and Mel. Well. The statues don't do either of you justice.

MEL:

There are statues?

ALONSO:

There *were* statues. I think we may still have some pictures of them, but I'm afraid nostalgia hasn't really been a priority. As I'm sure you gathered, we don't have a great deal of time for reminiscing.

MIRANDA:

Or much of anything, apart from surviving.

ALONSO:

Miranda, child, I've noticed that your driver Adrian has worked four consecutive tours. Go after him and tell him he's excused the next two tours, would you?

MIRANDA:

Attending.

FX: SHE MARCHES AWAY.

DOCTOR:

Mr Alonso – Minister – we have a friend, who- Forgive me, have we met?

ALONSO:

Had I been so honoured, Doctor, I would surely have remembered it.

MEL:

I recognised you straight away! The features, the voice - even the ruff could be the same. You look just like Gonzalo - captain of *The Duke of Milan*!

ALONSO:

My illustrious ancestor. The man who helped turn Prosper from an optimistic dream into a paradise.

MEL:

Except it didn't stay a paradise, did it?

ALONSO:

About eight months. But it was a glorious eight months, by all accounts.

DOCTOR:

Is that when they invaded?

ALONSO:

Invaded?

DOCTOR:

Those creatures we saw - those armour-plated trolls.

MEL:

Ogres.

DOCTOR:

Ogres.

MEL:

We've seen them, Alonso. They almost tore our friend to pieces with those massive claws.

ALONSO:

You baffle me, both of you. Prosper hasn't been invaded.

MEL:

But we thought the only intelligent beings native to this planet were the Mogera.

ALONSO:

And you thought correctly.

MEL:

Well?

ALONSO:

Those creatures who attacked you out on the streets were the Mogera.

SCENE 16: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER

FX: ACE IS RUNNING.

ACE:

The *TARDIS*! There you are...! (FX: STOPS RUNNING) You, my friend, are the most beautiful thing I've seen since *Teen Beat* printed that picture of Johnny Chess with his shirt off- No, forget that, you're just the most beautiful, the most fabulous, the most welcoming..

FX: SHE PULLS THE DOOR HANDLE. IT WON'T OPEN.

ACE:

Uh... At least you would be, if I hadn't left my key inside!

FX: SHE HAMMERS ON THE TARDIS DOOR.

ACE:

Aw, come on! (DRAWS BREATH) OK... Look: the Doctor's always saying you're more than just a machine, that you're a living thing? So, you know me, right? We've been around each other for a while now. So why not just let me in? Hm? C'mon. Show me some love.

FX: SHE TRIES THE HANDLE AGAIN, THEN GOES NUTS ON THE DOOR WHEN IT DOESN'T WORK.

ACE:

You've always hated me, haven't you? Admit it! Mel's your favourite, I know, I can tell! I bet she could just snap her fingers, and you'd let her walk right in, wouldn't you? Well, that's just fine!

FX: ONE LAST KICK AT THE DOOR.

ACE:

I'll catch up with the Doctor. Even if I have to- run.

SCENE 17: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – BRIDGE

FX: INSTRUMENTATION NOISES.

ALONSO:

Ace? Our histories don't include mention of an Ace. Is she a new addition to your crew?

MEL:

Actually, *I* am. It's complicated.

ALONSO:

Time out of joint, eh? You don't have to explain.

MEL:

Oh, thank goodness.

ALONSO:

I'll see if anyone can be spared to look for your friend. In the meantime, there's much to discuss.

DOCTOR:

There certainly is. How did all this happen, Alonso?

MEL:

And when?

ALONSO:

Now, I don't want you to blame yourselves, either of you. It's not entirely your fault.

MEL:

Our fault?

ALONSO:

We had no reason to believe the Doctorium was at all harmful. It certainly had no effect on human physiology.

DOCTOR:

The Doctorium...?

ALONSO:

It altered the Mogera – physically and mentally. They became much, much larger, pathologically aggressive. This all came to pass not long after you abandoned us.

MEL:

We didn't really think of it as abandoning you.

ALONSO:

Nevertheless, for the last hundred years, the Mogera have been raiding our territory, killing our people and stealing our technology.

DOCTOR:

And the metal from your ships – I assume that's what they fashion their armour from.

ALONSO:

Quite correct. Apart from anything else, it's extremely ill-mannered.

MEL:

But why are they doing it?

ALONSO:

You'd have to ask Caliban, their leader. But I couldn't in all good conscience, recommend that you do so. He's rather angry with you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Alonso, I ran tests on the Doctorium, I was sure it was safe-

ALONSO:

Yes, yes. That's all in the past. And what's past is prologue.

DOCTOR:

So I hear.

ALONSO:

Now you've returned to us, an entirely new volume in Prosper's history is about to be written, just as we thought we'd almost reached the end of the tale.

MEL:

Things are really that bad, then?

ALONSO:

My dear Mel, another year, and there won't be enough of us left to make a human settlement on this world sustainable. Most of the survivors are here, in *The Duke* – there are still a few scattered bands of people out there. We try to protect them as best we can, but...

MEL:

I can't believe the Mogera are capable of doing something like that.

ALONSO:

But you saw it with your own eyes. *The Duke of Milan's* super-thick hull protects most of the survivors, but we can't last much longer. And though it pains me to inform you, it's almost certain that the girl Ace is dead also.

MEL:

No!

ALONSO:

Hell is empty, Doctor, and all the devils are here.

DOCTOR:

And it seems I created those devils.

SCENE 18: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER

FX: STEPHANO STAGGERS FOR A FEW STEPS.

STEPHANO:
(BREATHES WITH DIFFICULTY)

ACE:
(OFF-MIC) Hey, you! Any shelter round here?

STEPHANO:
(HOARSE) Get away!

ACE:
(OFF-MIC) What?

STEPHANO:
(HOARSE) Get away from here! Get aw-

FX: HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES, THEN COLLAPSES COMPLETELY.

ACE:
(OFF-MIC) Hey!

FX: SHE RUNS TOWARD STEPHANO.

ACE:
It's all right, I'm here.

STEPHANO:
Noooo... (HE SOBS) Why couldn't you leave me alone? Now we're both dead!

SCENE 19: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – BRIDGE

FX: CALIBAN'S SPEECH IS BEING BROADCAST ON A SCREEN.

CALIBAN:

(D) Our Burrow-Fathers were duped! Duped by the humans, duped by the being known as the Doctor! He tricked us into mining for his precious Doctorium, knowing it would poison us, knowing it would make us into monsters! Knowing that-

ALONSO:

Pause it.

FX: THE RECORDING IS PAUSED.

ALONSO:

Scurvy monster, this Caliban, isn't he?

MEL:

Terrifying!

ALONSO:

He's the Mogera's equivalent of a war hero. But one man's terrorist, you know...

FX: A DOOR SLIDES OPEN AUTOMATICALLY AND JUNO ENTERS.

JUNO:

Minister, I thought you ought to know our last attempts to block Setebos were unsuccessful, I'm afraid. Somehow he's managed to hack his way back in.

ALONSO:

The Devil take his fingers!

MEL:

Who's Setebos?

ALONSO:

A minor irritation, no more than a distraction for our Chief Mage here. Oh, Juno here is head of the League of Technogicians. Juno, the Doctor and Mel.

DOCTOR:

Delighted. You're some sort of scientific adviser, I take it?

JUNO:

I do more than advise, Doctor. It's my job to find new ways of dealing with the mess you left us in a century ago.

ALONSO:

I was just showing our guests footage of the self-styled "General" Caliban.

MEL:

I was just wondering, why does he have that thing on his neck?

JUNO:

Voice synthesizer of some sort. He was wounded by our troops shortly before he rose to power about, um, fifteen years ago. (A BEAT) Thereabouts. To him, the synthesizer's a symbol of our human cruelty.

ALONSO:

As is everything about the Mogera, particularly their strength and aggression.

DOCTOR:

Because I persuaded them to mine the Doctorium.

JUNO:

Which transformed them into the thing they hate the most. Although they also hate us for making them hate themselves.

ALONSO:

Succinctly put, Juno.

MEL:

I'm sorry, but they can't be the same creatures, they just can't!

JUNO:

Look at this.

FX: SHE TYPES ON A KEYBOARD.

JUNO:

That's a Mogera, taken shortly after the colony ships arrived.

MEL:

Awww...

FX: MORE TYPING.

JUNO:

And this is one of the few images we've been able to get of them as they are now. You see? Teeth become fangs, nails become talons. The only thing that hasn't increased, apparently, is their brain capacity, which is capable of processing only resentment.

DOCTOR:

I don't suppose anybody's tried negotiation?

ALONSO:

The one person who did took that picture - moments before his flesh was shredded by the claws of the Mogera. Since then, we've relied on the League of Technogicians to provide us with effective weaponry.

JUNO:

Not simply weaponry, but tracking systems, too. It's hard to predict where your enemy will strike when they travel at speed underground.

MEL:

We saw three of them claw their way to the surface, just before a storm whipped up, and then Miranda appeared and scared them off with- well, it sort of looked like a wizard's stick.

JUNO:

One of these, you mean? Catch.

FX: MEL CATCHES THE STAFF.

MEL:

It *is* a wizard's stick!

DOCTOR:

The staff's powered by Doctorium, I take it?

JUNO:

Fresh cells go in here, you see?

DOCTOR:

And with this you can manipulate climactic conditions?

ALONSO:

On a very small scale, yes.

DOCTOR:

Small?

JUNO:

And over a very short range. The Mogera retain an inbred fear of extreme weather. But it's no more than a defensive measure - eventually, they'll overcome it and gradually slash their way in here.

DOCTOR:

How many have died?

JUNO:

Excuse me, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

How many people have died since the Mogera mutated?

ALONSO:

I don't know that records are kept any more, but... several million.

MEL:

Million...!

JUNO:

Including my daughter.

DOCTOR:

Juno, I'm so sorry.

JUNO:

Don't be. I, for one, am very grateful for the opportunity to thank you in person, Doctor, for everything you've done for us.

SCENE 20: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER

ACE:

You still with me, mate? Come back to me.

FX: SHE SLAPS STEPHANO'S CHEEK.

STEPHANO:

(GROANS)

ACE:

They did this to you, those hairy things in the armour, they tore you up like this? Is your home anywhere round here?

STEPHANO:

Home...

ACE:

Yeah, home, you know?

STEPHANO:

Family.

ACE:

Family, that's right. I'm going to get you back to your family. What's your name?

STEPHANO:

Stephano.

ACE:

Alright, Stephano, we're getting out of here – so long as you can tell me where we go.

STEPHANO:

My family...

ACE:

You're going to see your family soon enough.

STEPHANO:

I think so, too. (SPLUTTERS) Take this.

ACE:

What is it, some sort of gun?

STEPHANO:

Take it.

ACE:

I dunno, I have a friend who sort of has a thing against guns.

STEPHANO:

Take – it!

FX: UNDER ACE'S NEXT LINE, THE RUMBLE OF A MOGERA APPROACHING UNDERGROUND, AS HEARD EARLIER.

ACE:

Fine, fine, I'll take it. Now do you think you can walk? Stephano? Take my hand, let me help you up. Come on, come on, open your eyes!

FX: SHE SLAPS HIM, HARDER THIS TIME.

ACE:

Open your eyes! (REALISATION; HE'S DEAD) Damn. I'm sorry, Stephano. I'm so... sorry.

FX: AS BEFORE, A MOGERA (TALPA) CLAWS ITS WAY UP TO THE SURFACE.

TALPA:

(SNUFFLES AND GROWLS)

ACE:

Not again! Stay back! I've got a gun, and I'm not afraid to use it!

TALPA:

(GROWLS FEROCIOUSLY)

ACE:

All right, I *am* sort of afraid to use it, but I'll still use it, so back off, OK?

TALPA:

(A SHRIEK OF FURY)

FX: HE SLOWLY ADVANCES UPON HER.

ACE:

I warned you!

FX: SHE FIRES FOUR TIMES. IT'S NOT AN ENERGY WEAPON, NOR IS IT A REGULAR GUN. THE FOUR PROJECTILES FLY FROM THE WEAPON AND SPLAT AGAINST TALPA LIKE PELLETS FROM A PAINT GUN.

TALPA:

(SHRIEKS AGAIN)

ACE:

Oh, no way! I hit you every time! Not fair! All right, no further, or I empty this thing into you.

FX: SHE PULLS THE TRIGGER SEVERAL TIMES. IT JUST CLICKS.

ACE:

Uh-oh.

TALPA:

(ROARS)

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME.

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE

ACE:

I warned you!

FX: *SHE FIRES FOUR TIMES. IT'S NOT AN ENERGY WEAPON, NOR IS IT A REGULAR GUN. THE FOUR PROJECTILES FLY FROM THE WEAPON AND SPLAT AGAINST TALPA LIKE PELLETS FROM A PAINT GUN.*

TALPA:

(SHRIEKS AGAIN)

ACE:

Oh, no way! I hit you every time! Not fair! All right, no further, or I empty this thing into you.

FX: *SHE PULLS THE TRIGGER SEVERAL TIMES. IT JUST CLICKS.*

ACE:

Uh-oh.

TALPA:

(ROARS...)

SCENE 21: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER (CONTINUOUS)

TALPA:

(BEGINS SNORTING FRANTICALLY AND REPEATEDLY, THEN SHRIEKING AS THOUGH IN TERRIBLE PAIN - HE'S UNDERGOING A PAINFUL TRANSFORMATION. FINALLY, HE IS PANTING IN EXHAUSTION) Thank you so much! That feels a lot better.

ACE:

Huh???

SCENE 22: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – BRIDGE

FX: DOORS SLIDE OPEN. MEL MARCHES IN.

ALONSO:

Ah, Mel – is the Doctor quite satisfied with the facilities?

MEL:

I want to talk to you, Alonso!

ALONSO:

Please, Mel, call me Minister when I'm on duty. I can make an exception for you, but I can't risk the spread of informality. Dignity is an important aspect of my position.

FX: SQUEAKY WHEELS APPROACH.

TRINK:

You want anything off the trolley? Custards? Ale?

ALONSO:

Not now, man!

FX: THE WHEELS RETREAT.

MEL:

All right, Minister, what have you done about finding Ace?

ALONSO:

I was afraid we were going to end up having this conversation.

MEL:

I take it that means "nothing," then?

ALONSO:

Because no-one qualified can be spared. Don't think I don't know your anguish; in fact, I think it's fair to say I have experienced that pain a hundredfold.

MEL:

Ace doesn't know how much trouble she's in. She has no idea that the Mogera have mutated – we promised her a paradise.

ALONSO:

My feted ancestor promised his entire colony fleet the same. Now we're on the brink of extinction.

MEL:

There's nothing I can do to convince you, is there?

ALONSO:

If only the gift of persuasion could solve all our difficulties, Mel, Prosper would be a brighter place for your presence. Sadly, it cannot.

MEL:

Fine! That's just fine!

FX: SHE MARCHES OFF.

ALONSO:

Mel, where are you going?

MEL:

(DEPARTING) You have your responsibilities, Minister, I've got mine!

FX: THE DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE AS SHE LEAVES.

TRINK:

(SLIGHTLY-OFF MIC) Trolley's still here if you want anything. The custards are getting a bit dribbly.

ALONSO:

Look, just go away, will you!

FX: WITH AGONISING SLOWNESS, TRINK PUSHES THE TROLLEY OUT.

TRINK:

(WHISTLES 'GREENSLEEVES' AS HE GOES)

FX: THE DOORS OPEN, AND TRINK LEAVES, THE DOORS SHUTTING BEHIND HIM AGAIN.

SCENE 23: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER

ACE:

What happened to you?

TALPA:

You did. If you hadn't shot me there'd have been no going back.

ACE:

You can talk. Why can you talk?

TALPA:

Why can *you*?

ACE:

No, no, no, we're not playing that game. When I saw you before-

TALPA:

We've never met before.

ACE:

When I saw more of whatever you are before-

TALPA:

Mogera. We're the Mogera.

ACE:

Mogera? I have got *Wind in the Willows* all wrong. Well, your mates were pretty feral, and you weren't all that friendly a minute ago, either. That's why I had to shoot you.

TALPA:

I agree.

ACE:

But you're not dead.

TALPA:

Because that's not a gun. You might as well throw it away, it's empty now.

ACE:

Fair enough.

FX: SHE DROPS IT ON THE GROUND.

ACE:

If it's not a gun, what is it?

TALPA:

Vaccine delivery system. Without it, I'd be- well, even more of a monster.

ACE:

Right. OK. So we're good? I'll be on my way, then.

TALPA:

No. You're not going anywhere unless it's with me.

ACE:

I thought you said you were grateful!

TALPA:

For what you did, not why you did it. You thought that was a weapon, and you were going to kill me.

FX: TALPA'S RIFLE HUMS AS THOUGH POWERING UP.

TALPA:

But this *is* a weapon. And you're wanted by General Caliban! Now come on!

FX: ACE SLIPS AS THOUGH PUSHED.

ACE:

Hey!

TALPA:

Move!

SCENE 24: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – AFT QUARTERS

FX: DOCTOR AND JUNO WALK UP AND DOWN AN ECHOEY EMPTY SPACE.

JUNO:

The aft quarters are at your disposal, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Very nice. Very roomy. Reminds me of the time Dodo and I spent aboard *The Golden Hinde*.

JUNO:

This area was used for entertainments in earlier times - when there were more of us.

DOCTOR:

Entertainments?

JUNO:

Dances, plays.

DOCTOR:

Tell me, Juno, have you ever staged *The Tempest*?

JUNO:

The what?

DOCTOR:

Doesn't matter. Doubtless someone liked the names, sometime in the past. (A THOUGHT) Unless I tell Will about all this, sometime in the future?

JUNO:

The Minister is very anxious that you should be as comfortable as possible while you work.

DOCTOR:

Why, thank you. Work at what?

JUNO:

Obviously, finding a solution to our present parlous situation. I don't see the point, personally, but he thinks you might be able to think outside the box.

DOCTOR:

Depends on the box. There's one I think particularly well inside of.

JUNO:

The legendary TARDIS. You're anxious to leave us, then?

DOCTOR:

I'm more anxious about my friend Ace. And speaking of friends, where's Mel?

SCENE 25: EXT. IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE DUKE OF MILAN.

FX: MEL REPEATEDLY FLIPS A DOOR HANDLE.

MEL:

Please, one of you be unlocked! I never have this problem with the TARDIS.

FX: MIRANDA APPROACHES OVER DUSTY GROUND.

MIRANDA:

(APPROACHING) Mel, what are you doing?

MEL:

What does it look like I'm doing?

MIRANDA:

Well, it looks like you're trying to steal one of our transports.

MEL:

Only if I can get into one.

MIRANDA:

Even if you could, would you know how to drive it?

MEL:

Trust me, I'm a very fast learner.

MIRANDA:

I believe you. But I can't allow it.

MEL:

What are you going to do, Miranda? Shoot me, or put me in the middle of a tornado?

MIRANDA:

I don't want to have to do either.

MEL:

Then just give me the keys, or whatever it takes to unlock one of these vehicles.

MIRANDA:

This is about Ace, isn't it?

MEL:

No, Miranda, I just thought I'd take in some of the local beauty spots. Of course it's about Ace!

MIRANDA:

You're can't face what's out there alone, Mel, and no-one else can be spared.

MEL:

So I'm told. But you don't seem to be doing anything.

MIRANDA:

Except trying to protect you. Even this close to *The Duke*, we're not safe. Come back inside.

MEL:

When I come back inside, it'll be with Ace. And before you say it, yes, I'm sure you've lost far more people than I have or ever will, but you must understand what it means to want to keep someone safe.

MIRANDA:

You're going to get us both killed, you know that, don't you?

FX: DOOR HANDLE IS FLIPPED ONCE MORE. A BLEEP OF RESPONSE AND THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

MEL:

Thank you.

FX: ANOTHER VEHICLE APPROACHES AT SPEED.

MIRANDA:

Thank me when we come back alive. *If* we come back.

MEL:

Miranda, what's that? Is it the Mogera?

MIRANDA:

Mogera don't need vehicles, they travel underground. It's one of ours! No-one should be out at this time!

MEL:

It's covered in claw marks!

MIRANDA:

And it's not slowing down! – Mel, get out of the way!

FX: THE VEHICLE CRASHES INTO METAL HULL OF THE SHIP WITH A CRUNCH.

SCENE 26: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – LAB

JUNO:

I wanted you to join me in the lab, Doctor, because I think you should see just how dire our present situation is.

FX: AS SHE SPEAKS, SHE PRESSES A SEQUENCE OF BUTTONS. A PANEL SLIDES OPEN.

DOCTOR:

This is all there is?

JUNO:

These tanks represent our last reserves of Doctorium.

DOCTOR:

Whenever I hear that name, it's like a knife through each of my hearts.

JUNO:

And an even bigger one through your ego, I suppose.

DOCTOR:

But surely this can't be the last of it, Juno.

JUNO:

All that's available to us. There are seams in our territory, but mining them is suicidally dangerous when you have a subterranean enemy.

FX: A SIREN SUDDENLY BLARES.

JUNO:

Now what?

SCENE 27: EXT. IMMEDIATELY OUTSIDE DUKE OF MILAN.

FX: FLAMES FLICKER.

MEL:
(COUGHS)

MIRANDA:
Mel, are you all right?

MEL:
Thanks to you. Who was driving that thing?

MIRANDA:
That's what I'd like to know! (COUGHS) Come on, whoever it is, we've got to get them out of there!

MEL:
Careful, Miranda, it might- (COUGH) It might explode!

MIRANDA:
I think the worst has already happened.

FX: SAME BLEEP AS SHE FLIPS THE HANDLE AND SLIDES OPEN DOOR.

MEL:
(SEES WHO'S INSIDE) Alonso!

FX: THE DOCTOR AND JUNO APPROACH AT A RUN.

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING) Mel, Mel, are you safe?

MEL:
We both are, but I don't know if we can say the same about the driver.

JUNO:
Minister!

MIRANDA:
Someone help me get him out of there! And be careful with him – we don't know the extent of his injuries.

MEL:
He's still breathing, he's just unconscious.

ALONSO:
(SNORES)

DOCTOR:
Not precisely, Mel. I think he's asleep.

SCENE 28: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

FX: MEL AND TALPA WALK OVER ROUGH TERRAIN.

ACE:

You should know, that man we left back there – the one your mates ripped to shreds. Before he died, he told me his name.

TALPA:

Mm?

ACE:

Stephano.

TALPA:

Humans all have funny names.

ACE:

He had a family. Don't you want to know if *I* have a family?

TALPA:

I'm not even really interested whether or not you have a name.

ACE:

I do. It's Ace.

TALPA:

Well, Ace, it's going to be a long journey, since you lot can't breathe underground.

ACE:

Not easily, anyway.

TALPA:

So I'd appreciate a little quiet.

ACE:

Well, that's too bad, because I'd really like us to get to know each other.

TALPA:

You want me to feel bad about killing you?

ACE:

Killing me? You said you were going to hand me over to some General.

TALPA:

I might not be able to stop myself.

ACE:

I thought you were cured of the 'roid rage.

TALPA:

You saw other Mogera.

ACE:

Just after I got here. If they're what pass for tourist guides on Prosper, your customer service skills need a bit of work.

TALPA:

Were they wearing bandoliers?

ACE:

Like a belt across their chest? Yeah. What's that for, spare ammo?

TALPA:

It stores the vaccine we take when we're away from the burrows. Four ampoules a day: a green one first, then three yellow ones during the day.

ACE:

So why don't you have one of these belts?

TALPA:

I lost it in a- skirmish.

ACE:

Yeah, I've seen what happens to people who get caught in one of your "skirmishes." But you're fine now, right?

TALPA:

Only because you gave me a massive dose. When it's run its course, I'll revert. This time, there'll be no coming back for me. I'll kill anything that moves.

ACE:

Let me know when it's happening, so I'll know not to move.

TALPA:

If it helps at all-

ACE:

It won't.

TALPA:

The alien I was actually hoping to kill was the one who did this to us - a being called the Doctor.

ACE:

What?

SCENE 29: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – INFIRMARY

FX: CONSTANT BEEP OF A HEART MONITOR

ALONSO:

It's all rather embarrassing, really.

JUNO:

The physician tells me you managed to avoid breaking a single bone.

DOCTOR:

I should call it little short of miraculous.

MIRANDA:

What did you think you were doing out there?

ALONSO:

The Doctor and Mel's friend is on the streets somewhere. I was the only non-essential person available to look for her.

JUNO:

Since when is the Minister of Fate non-essential?

ALONSO:

There'll always be another, child.

MIRANDA:

Forgive me, but it was damn foolish.

JUNO:

Especially since the girl is almost certainly dead. Statistically speaking.

MEL:

I don't give a damn what your statistics say!

DOCTOR:

Mel, please. Alonso, I take it you didn't see a trace of her?

ALONSO:

I'm so sorry, Doctor. I was on my way back here to inform you, when my eyes grew wondrous heavy... I felt a good dullness, and I must have dozed off moments before the crash.

JUNO:

Your state of total relaxation saved your life.

DOCTOR:

One sees it in drunks and babies – not to imply that you're either, of course.

ALONSO:

No, Doctor, I'm an old man – be not disturbed with my infirmity. But it seems for once, my advancing years have been of some use.

MEL:

Not in finding Ace, they haven't. Come on, Miranda.

MIRANDA:

I'm sorry, Mel, we've left it far too late. There's no way I can permit anyone to leave *The Duke*.

MEL:

Oh, I don't believe this!

FX: MEL MARCHES OFF. AUTOMATIC DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE.

MIRANDA:

Mel!

ALONSO:

Go after her, child.

MIRANDA:

Attending.

FX: SHE FOLLOWS. AUTOMATIC DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE.

ALONSO:

Doctor, Juno's probably told you already, I- I need you to do something for us.

DOCTOR:

If it's to help you destroy the Mogera, Alonso, that's something I can't agree to.

ALONSO:

Not that, never that. Just... find a way to bring this madness, this violence, to an end. Juno will work with you.

JUNO:

Oh, *will* she?

ALONSO:

I accepted the title of Minister of Fate so many years ago because I wanted to carry on the work of my ancestors. Now I simply want to put a stop to the killing. And I have no idea how to do that.

DOCTOR:

I'm responsible for everything that's happened here.

JUNO:

Agreed.

DOCTOR:

How can I do anything else but help you *and* the Mogera?

ALONSO:

Thank you, Doctor. That's all I ask.

SCENE 30: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

FX: ACE AND TALPA ARE STILL MARCHING, BUT ACE IS DRAGGING HER FEET.

ACE:

It's tiring, all this walking. Don't you find it tiring? (NO REPLY) 'Cos I do. (PAUSE) This is actually a pretty nice planet you've got here. A bit bleak, but I've seen a lot worse.

TALPA:

(GRUNTS)

ACE:

Lovely sky. I like a nice sky, me. Just the right number of suns. Oh, look if we're gonna talk, I've got to know your name.

TALPA:

Then we just won't talk.

ACE:

What's your name?

TALPA:

(AFTER A PAUSE) Talpa.

ACE:

OK, Talpa, I'm tired. I don't have the legs of a massive, armour-plated rage-monster. I'm a human being, and I'm knackered.

TALPA:

Fine! (FX: HE STOPS ABRUPTLY, AS DOES ACE) We stop here for the night.

ACE:

Is there any food? Every two or three days, I get hungry.

FX: HE PASSES HER A SMALL WRAPPED ITEM.

TALPA:

Survival rations.

FX: SHE UNWRAPS IT.

ACE:

Do they taste as good as they look? (WITH A FULL MOUTH) Sadly, yeah, they do.

TALPA:

Anything else wrong?

ACE:

I could be warmer.

TALPA:

Then allow me.

FX: THE RIFLE WARMS UP.

ACE:

Hey!

FX: THE RIFLE FIRES A QUICK BLAST AT THE SAME PITCH AS THE TRANSPORT ENGINES AND MIRANDA'S STAFF. FLAMES CRACKLE.

TALPA:

Tree stump'll burn for hours.

FX: HE DROPS THE RIFLE.

ACE:

Does your gun need to be that massive, or are you just making up for something?

TALPA:

It's based on human technology, you tell me. And like every piece of technology on Prosper, it's powered by Doctorium.

ACE:

I thought you said that stuff was poisoning you. Why do you use it in all your weapons? Seems barmy to me.

TALPA:

Once the last of the humans are gone from this world, we'll block up the mines for good.

ACE:

You know you could do that right now?

TALPA:

Not until we've taken vengeance on the ones who did this to us.

ACE:

It wasn't on purpose!

TALPA:

Your own people say it was!

ACE:

Who? Who says that?

SCENE 31: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – LAB

FX: SETEBOS IS BROADCASTING OVER A RADIO, WITH INFREQUENT DISTORTION AND INTERFERENCE.

SETEBOS:

How does one even put into words the method by which it is possible to overthrow those who have lied to us, held us in contempt, kept us in virtual slavery for generations? I speak in particular here of The Minister of Fate himself, he is the loathsome canker that lives in the sweetest bud. It is here already, my friends: Total martial law, total surveillance, total taxation, a revolution of criminality, and we have reached the key point where we have become acclimated to it. Let every eye negotiate for itself! It has emerged, and once the Mogera, the demons we have made, have been exterminated, the final phase is total domination, oh yes. Make no mistake, Prosper is a world of deceit and we have lost too many to this manufactured slaughter! [FROM THIS POINT ON, JUNO AND THE DOCTOR TALK OVER HIS SPEECH WHICH CONTINUES AS FOLLOWS: *I say, let grief convert to anger! Blunt not the heart, enrage it! We have all become comfortable living under the heel of tyranny. I grant our Minister bloody, luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful, malicious, smacking of every sin that has a name. The answer to defeating him and his pernicious League of Technogicians is to withdraw our consent at every level. Expose the system as fraudulent, don't let these degenerate cultural oxymorons possess the power that rightfully belongs to you, the people. We will never back down! They are bringing us into bondage with huge chains, forged for us and our children, smiling at us all the time!*]

JUNO:

Setebos. If you really want to be of any use, Doctor, you can find a way to shut him up.

DOCTOR:

Setebos – I believe I've heard that name before.

JUNO:

He's a buffoon, a mutineer, constantly spouting nonsense about how we intentionally infected the Mogera with Doctorium as part of some open-eyed conspiracy that changes from week-to-week.

DOCTOR:

I'd be happy to assure him that wasn't the case.

JUNO:

If you can find him. He's somehow able to jump onto our frequencies and broadcast his deluded rambling to all our devices – possibly the Mogera's too, for all I know. Audio only – he's too much of a coward to show his face.

DOCTOR:

And you can't trace them back to the source?

JUNO:

If I could find him, I'd offer him a position with the League – once I'd finished supplanting some of his teeth.

DOCTOR:

Mel has a particular aptitude with computers, perhaps you should speak to her.

JUNO:

Always keen to dodge responsibility, aren't you, Doctor? Is that the secret of your success?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't categorise what's happened on Prosper a success.

JUNO:

Then we agree on something.

SCENE 32: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

FX: FIRE STILL BURNS. SETEBOS SPEAKS OVER TALPA'S RADIO, TOO.

SETEBOS:

(D) They are bringing us into bondage with huge chains, forged for us and our children, smiling at us all the time! Now you understand why the peril is so great! In the corrupted currents of this world—

FX: TALPA SWITCHES OFF HIS RADIO.

ACE:

So just because some nutter comes on your radio and says it's all a conspiracy, you believe him?

TALPA:

We've always believed it. The humans turned us into monsters.

ACE:

Why?

TALPA:

They thought the Doctorium would kill us. Instead, it did this.

ACE:

You're wrong.

TALPA:

What do you know? You're just a prisoner.

ACE:

I'm no-one's prisoner, mate, and I don't believe the Doctor would do anything like that!

TALPA:

I'm living proof that he did. How do you think I feel, looking at my reflection, seeing a fanged demon, instead of the person I know I am? That I know I can be if I can fight the infection?

ACE:

If it happened, it happened by accident! And he can undo it, too!

TALPA:

Very trusting, aren't you?

ACE:

Not as trusting as you are, mate! (LUNGES FORWARD —)

FX: SHE GRABS THE GUN, WHICH POWERS UP.

ACE:

(MINOR GRUNT OF EFFORT - THE GUN'S HEAVY) Sorry, but if you will leave your rifle just lying around...

TALPA:

You're right. You should definitely shoot me.

ACE:

(STRUGGLING WITH THE WEIGHT OF THE WEAPON) Don't think I won't.

TALPA:

I know you will, you've shot me once today. But the vaccine gun was a medical device, it has to be simple.

FX: UNDER TALPA'S DIALOG, ACE FRANTICALLY PRESSES BUTTONS WHICH DO NOTHING. IT STARTS TO RATTLE AS SHE STRUGGLES WITH IT.

TALPA:

You need training to use a weapon like that, though. You don't have the strength, either. Getting heavy, isn't it? And the longer you hold it, the heavier it gets.

ACE:

(A CRY OF FRUSTRATION)

FX: SHE THROWS THE RIFLE AWAY.

TALPA:

Thank you. Now get up - break's over.

ACE:

I thought we were here for the night!

TALPA:

Sleep is for prisoners who don't try to shoot me. Get up.

ACE:

Forget it, Talpa. I'm not moving.

TALPA:

Then I'll move you! (SHOVES HER)

ACE:

(SHOVED) Oof!

FX: SHE HITS THE GROUND HARD.

TALPA:

Now get up! You're my prisoner, and when I say move, you move!

ACE:

Talpa...? What's happening to you?

SCENE 33: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – CORRIDOR

FX: PEOPLE WALK BACK AND FORTH THROUGHOUT. MEL HURRIES UP TO THE DOCTOR.

MEL:

Doctor, I've been looking for you.

DOCTOR:

Good morning, Mel.

MEL:

Please tell me you have some news about Ace.

DOCTOR:

I was going to say the same thing to you.

MEL:

(GROANS) You don't think Juno's right, do you?

FX: UNDER THE DIALOG, A TANNOY ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE BY MIRANDA (SO SLIGHT DISTORT), PRECEDED BY A CATCHY JINGLE, NOT UNLIKE THE FANFARE IN EPISODE ONE.

MIRANDA:

(D) Obey and be attentive! Mogera sightings in sectors thirteen to twenty-seven have reached peak levels. These sectors are off-limits until further notice.

DOCTOR:

These people know more about Prosper than we do – in fact, I'm starting to think I never knew this world at all.

MEL:

You can't blame yourself.

DOCTOR:

My tests on the Doctorium were insufficient. The Mogera were infected, which led to this.

MEL:

Well, even if that's true, there's nothing you can do about that, is there?

DOCTOR:

I've been wondering about that...

MEL:

Doctor, you can't be thinking what I think you're thinking.

DOCTOR:

Is there anywhere we can talk in private?

SCENE 34: INT. THE CLOVEN PINE

FX: MERRY ELIZABETHAN MUSIC PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS. THE DOORS SWING OPEN AS MEL AND THE DOCTOR ENTER.

TRINK:

Welcome to the Cloven Pine, esteemed visitors! Can I get you some ale?

MEL:

I'm afraid we don't have any money. Do we?

DOCTOR:

None valid in this century.

TRINK:

Well, it's three Doits a pint for the riff-raff, but it's not every day we get distinguished visitors.

DOCTOR:

Oh!

TRINK:

So I'll put it on your slate.

DOCTOR:

Oh.

FX: THE DOCTOR AND MEL PULL OUT TWO CHAIRS.

MEL:

Ale sounds fine.

DOCTOR:

Just water for me, please.

TRINK:

Trust me, you don't want the water. Ever been on a sandminer? Say no more.

MEL:

Two ales, please.

TRINK:

Trolley's over there, if you want anything off it. I'd leave the custards, if I were you.

MEL:

No, thanks.

TRINK:

Two ales coming up.

FX: TRINK LEAVES.

MEL:

They've got all the period ambience right, haven't they?

DOCTOR:

The period being *this* period. The tides of time, remember?

MEL:

I almost expect to see a pig, roasting on a spit.

DOCTOR:

No pigs on Prosper.

MEL:

I don't eat meat, anyway.

DOCTOR:

This isn't as private as I would have wished, but for a ship's galley, it has character.

MEL:

Well? You were going to tell me what you'd been wondering about.

DOCTOR:

Do you really need me to tell you?

MEL:

You want to go back in time, don't you? Change what you did a hundred years ago.

DOCTOR:

Something along those lines, yes.

MEL:

How would you even do that?

DOCTOR:

Punch myself on the nose, perhaps. I'd say it was the least I deserve, wouldn't you?

MEL:

In all the years I've known you, you've never talked about doing something like this.

DOCTOR:

I haven't been responsible for the deaths of millions before.

MEL:

It's not just that, though, is it? There's Ace, too.

DOCTOR:

She's probably dead because of me.

MEL:

We don't know that. She's a fighter.

DOCTOR:

Against an entire nation of Mogera.

SCENE 35: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

FX: AS ACE AND TALPA MARCH, THERE'S A FIERCE WIND.

TALPA:

A plague upon this howling!

ACE:

It's not that bad. You should visit the Shetland Islands sometime.

TALPA:

Insolent noisemaker!

ACE:

You get that you're talking to the wind, right? It's not going to die down just because you want it to.

TALPA:

(LETS OUT A WILD SHRIEK)

FX: HE STARTS BLASTING WITH HIS RIFLE.

ACE:

Talpa! Talpa, stop! You're going to hit me!

SCENE 36: INT. THE CLOVEN PINE**MEL:**

You can't seriously be thinking about rewriting a century of history, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

More than thinking about it, Mel - it's what I have to do.

MEL:

You can't!

DOCTOR:

You seen me commit the occasional temporal infraction before now.

MEL:

Pompeii, you mean? That was cheating at best, but this - this is huge! The Time Lords won't let you.

DOCTOR:

It's a higher authority I'm more concerned about.

MEL:

A higher authority than the Time Lords?

DOCTOR:

There are more things in the dark abysm of Time, Mel... You reap what you sow in this universe.

MEL:

And you'd risk it all for Ace.

DOCTOR:

For either of you.

MEL:

No, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

No?

MEL:

I'm just as responsible for what's happened on Prosper as you are, and while there's even a chance that we can find Ace, that we can help these people right now - humans and Mogera - then we can't just make it like it never happened. I won't let you. So get back to your lab, and you find a way to end this madness, so we can go out there and look for Ace.

FX: THE DOCTOR PUSHES BACK HIS CHAIR.

DOCTOR:

Moments like this remind me why I came looking for you, Mel.
I'll see you later.

FX: AS HE LEAVES, PUSHING THE DOUBLE DOORS, TWO MUGS ARE SET
DOWN.

TRINK:

Your ales.

MEL:

Oh, I'm afraid my friend's gone now. Sorry.

TRINK:

Good, 'cause I want to talk to you.

MEL:

What?

TRINK:

I said I need to talk to you.

MEL:

OK, pull up a chair.

TRINK:

Well, I can't talk to you now, can I? I'm working. But we do
need to talk. Come back here after closing time. Everything
depends on it.

SCENE 37: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – LAB

FX: CALIBAN IS ONSCREEN AGAIN.

CALIBAN:

I say, a pox on the throats of these bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dogs! We are what our reflections would have us be – once we were fair, and we treated our visitors fairly. [*But now we have the aspect of demons, and as demons we must act! To the humans, I say give thanks you have lived so long!*]

FX: THE AUTOMATIC DOORS OPEN AND THE DOCTOR ENTERS.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) Juno, I was wondering- Oh, is this live?

JUNO:

Live? No, just examining some old footage of Caliban – know your enemy. Enough prating, hag-born fiend!

FX: SHE PAUSES THE RECORDING.

JUNO:

Now, Doctor, how do you propose to slow down my vital work today?

DOCTOR:

I'm supposed to be helping you.

JUNO:

And I'm supposed to be married to Coragio Welkin.

DOCTOR:

Who?

JUNO:

The actor? It doesn't matter, he died years ago. What do you want now?

DOCTOR:

Well, it occurs to me that if I could retrieve some equipment from my TARDIS-

JUNO:

Absolutely out of the question.

DOCTOR:

I really think-

JUNO:

I have yet to see any firm evidence of that, Doctor. Your sole contribution to our efforts thus far has been to endanger the life of the Minister of Fate. And now you wish to send some other poor soul to face the same dangers on your behalf.

DOCTOR:

I'm quite willing to go alone.

JUNO:

And in allowing you to do so, I risk jeopardising any potential benefit you may represent.

DOCTOR:

You seem certain I don't represent any sort of benefit.

JUNO:

The Minister disagrees with me, unfortunately. So whatever you want to do, you'll have to do it with our rather primitive equipment.

DOCTOR:

Well, I've seen your staffs perform short-range weather manipulation.

JUNO:

Scarcely news to me.

DOCTOR:

I thought that perhaps their range could be augmented.

JUNO:

Then you thought wrong.

DOCTOR:

If a large enough storm could be created, then the Mogera would retreat to their burrows, giving Alonso the opportunity to transmat in and talk to Caliban.

JUNO:

A delightful fantasy, Doctor. Do please tell me another, I have difficulty sleeping at nights.

DOCTOR:

But-

JUNO:

But me no more buts. If you'd bothered to check the data you'll know that Doctorium is incapable of generating the power required to operate a transmat or to conjure up storms of the size you're suggesting.

DOCTOR:

But-

JUNO:

What did I just say about that word? Take a sample to the aft quarters and test it, if it means you'll be out of my way, but I promise you, the limits of Doctorium were established a century ago.

FX: SHE WALKS OFF.

DOCTOR:

"Incapable of generating the power...?" It's impossible! It's simply not possible!

SCENE 38: INT. THE CLOVEN PINE

FX: NO MUSIC OR CUSTOMERS. MEL STEPS IN CAUTIOUSLY.

MEL:
Hello? Are you there?

TRINK:
Evenin'.

MEL:
You gave me a fright!

TRINK:
Sorry.

MEL:
Can't we have the lights on in here?

TRINK:
You meet a better class of person in the dark, Mel.

MEL:
You said everything depended on me talking to you. Please let that be true.

TRINK:
It's me.

MEL:
What is?

TRINK:
Good old Trink, eh! Who'd have thought it?

MEL:
What's a Trink?

TRINK:
I am!

MEL:
Oh, right.

TRINK:
Everybody knows me. I'm a local legend.

MEL:
That's nice.

TRINK:
Seriously, no-one's mentioned me?

MEL:

Well, I have only just arrived. What was it you wanted to tell me?

TRINK:

It's me.

MEL:

You already said that. *What's* you?

TRINK:

Setebos. (PAUSE; IN POSHER SETEBOS VOICE) Setebos.

MEL:

Oh, wait, I've heard that name.

TRINK:

I should think you have, he's a legend!

MEL:

So you're two legends?

TRINK:

Bet nobody else can say that.

MEL:

Actually, I know someone who's seven legends. But why does it matter that you're this Setebos?

TRINK:

I know things.

MEL:

Good for you.

TRINK:

I know my ancestors deliberately mutated the Mogera.

MEL:

I'm fairly sure that's not true.

TRINK:

So pretty, but so naïve. I knew when I saw you on the bridge that I could trust you. But I don't trust *him*.

MEL:

By "him," I take it you mean the Doctor?

TRINK:

He's too pally with a certain someone in a position of authority.

MEL:

You mean Juno?

TRINK:

(CHUCKLES) I would love to know what the League of Technogicians have to hide, wouldn't you? But you – you're important, Mel, that's why I need your endorsement when I make my next broadcast – 'cause it could be my last.

MEL:

Look, Trink- Do you prefer to be called Trink? Trink, you seem very sincere, but-

TRINK:

Don't say it, don't say it! Just let me show you something. I keep it back here.

FX: HE WALKS OFF.

TRINK:

(DEPARTING) Now promise me you're not going to disappear.

FX: HE STOPS.

TRINK:

(OFF-MIC) Oh, hello, what are you doing back here?

MEL:

Trink? Who are you talking to?

TRINK:

(OFF-MIC) I'm afraid the kitchen's closed, be open again at six bells - maybe quarter-past, I've got to do a stock-take. But feel free to help yourself to a- No, wait! (CALLS) Mel, get out of h-

FX: A SUSTAINED ENERGY BLAST.

TRINK:

(SCREAMS)

MEL:

Trink!!!

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME.

PART THREE

REPRISE

MEL:

Look, Trink- Do you prefer to be called Trink? Trink, you seem very sincere, but-

TRINK:

Don't say it, don't say it! Just let me show you something. I keep it back here.

FX: HE WALKS OFF.

TRINK:

(DEPARTING) Now promise me you're not going to disappear.

FX: HE STOPS.

TRINK:

(OFF-MIC) Oh, hello, what are you doing back here?

MEL:

Trink? Who are you talking to?

TRINK:

(OFF-MIC) I'm afraid the kitchen's closed, be open again at six bells - maybe quarter-past, I've got to do a stock-take. But feel free to help yourself to a- No, wait! (CALLS) Mel, get out of h-

FX: A SUSTAINED ENERGY BLAST.

TRINK:

(SCREAMS)

MEL:

Trink!!!

SCENE 39: INT. THE CLOVEN PINE (CONTINUOUS)

FX: A LARGE PILE OF DUST HITS THE FLOOR.

MEL:

Don't worry, I'm going -

FX: SHE RUNS, THROWING OPEN THE DOUBLE DOORS. BEAT.

MIRANDA:

(TUTS)

FX: A BLEEP FROM HER RADIO. SHE ACTIVATES IT WITH A SWITCH.

CALIBAN:

(D; OVER RADIO) Is it done, Miranda?

MIRANDA:

You know, it's a good thing you didn't radio earlier – you would've tipped him off. Yes, it's done.

CALIBAN:

(D) And the device?

MIRANDA:

Vaporized, along with its owner.

CALIBAN:

(D) You're sure? You must be sure!

MIRANDA:

I searched every inch of The Cloven Pine, he must have had it on him.

CALIBAN:

(D) Then we can proceed as planned.

MIRANDA:

Not... quite.

CALIBAN:

(D) What do you mean?

MIRANDA:

The Doctor's little friend- well, *taller* friend, she was here. Don't worry, Trink didn't get the chance to tell her anything. But she got away before I could take care of her.

CALIBAN:

(D) Good.

MIRANDA:

How is that good?

CALIBAN:

(D) A Doctor with a dead companion is a dangerous adversary; a Doctor with an endangered companion is knit up in his distractions.

MIRANDA:

So I can't kill her?

CALIBAN:

(D) I would lift the moon out of her sphere and give it to you for an apple if I could, Miranda, but this request I must deny.

MIRANDA:

Fine!

CALIBAN:

(D) Good girl. You're my favourite daughter.

MIRANDA:

I'm your only daughter.

FX: SHE SWITCHES OFF HER RADIO.

SCENE 40: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – LABS

FX: THE DOOR OPENS, AND MEL COMES RUNNING IN. DOOR CLOSSES. ONSCREEN, SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT IS BEING OPERATED.

MEL:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Ah, Mel. Not asleep yet?

MEL:

Doctor, I've got to talk to you!

DOCTOR:

And I you. Take a look at this video. I've watched it several times now.

MEL:

This is important!

DOCTOR:

Well spotted, Mel. But the footage is important for what it *doesn't* show.

MEL:

Eh?

FX: UNDER THE FOLLOWING DIALOG, THE EQUIPMENT SOUNDS ON THE RECORDING TURN INTO A HIGH PITCHED HUM (AS HEARD IN BOTH HUMAN AND MOGERA WEAPONS AND TRANSPORT ENGINES), AND A STORM GRADUALLY BUILDS.

DOCTOR:

This is a recording of an experiment into weather manipulation, recorded approximately ninety-seven years ago.

MEL:

These are the first human settlers?

DOCTOR:

Apologies for the poor resolution.

MEL:

I recognise some of them. There's Gonzalo. And what-was-her-name?

DOCTOR:

Kate.

MEL:

Never cared for Kate.

DOCTOR:

Now watch what happens.

FX: THE EQUIPMENT SPARKS. THERE'S A SMALL EXPLOSION, AND THE STORM DIES OUT COMPLETELY. THE DOCTOR SWITCHES OFF THE RECORDING.

DOCTOR:

You see? Now that should not have happened.

MEL:

This isn't really what I wanted to talk about.

DOCTOR:

Even a small amount of Doctorium should have been sufficient to maintain a tempest of that size.

MEL:

Can we discuss this another time, please?

DOCTOR:

And yet in the last hundred years, no-one's managed to harness its full potential – it should propel craft at fantastic speeds, vaporize solid objects...

MEL:

Vaporize? Doctor, I just saw that happen to someone!

DOCTOR:

What?

MEL:

In the galley, the Cloven Pine.

DOCTOR:

Mel, why didn't you say something sooner? I need to know these things!

MEL:

(FRUSTRATED GROWL) Just come with me!

FX: THEY HURRY OUT. THE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES FOR THEM. FADE OUT.

SCENE 41: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

(N.B. THROUGHOUT, TALPA BECOMES PROGRESSIVELY MORE DEMENTED AND PARANOID AS A REACTION TO THE DRUGS)

ACE:

You know, Talpa, people used to get worked up about the weather on my planet, but they never went insane with a rifle over it.

TALPA:

Shut up!

ACE:

Or what, you'll shoot me on purpose, instead of accidentally?

TALPA:

I didn't shoot you!

ACE:

Only 'cause I'm good at getting out of the way. You learn that sort of thing when you spend enough time with the Doctor.

TALPA:

And you say he's a good man.

ACE:

Yeah, I do say that. And if you met him, you'd know it, too.

TALPA:

I won't have to meet him now.

ACE:

I thought that was your big dream, to find the man you reckon did this to you?

TALPA:

It can be another Mogera's dream now. General Caliban's promised that bringing you in results in automatic promotion – and that means I get to return to the Main Burrow.

ACE:

Away from the fighting. You don't like fighting?

TALPA:

The Doctor made me an animal, but that doesn't mean I want to be one- (A SUDDEN VIOLENT REACTION, AS THOUGH ABOUT TO VOMIT)

ACE:

Oh, not again! Talpa, what's wrong?

TALPA:

Get away! Leave before I tear you to pieces! (THE REACTION BECOMES MORE VIOLENT, TAKING THE FORM OF VIOLENT FITS. HE SHRIEKS AT INTERVALS DURING THE FITS UNTIL THAT'S ALL THERE IS, AT AN UNBEARABLE VOLUME)

SCENE 42: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – CORRIDOR

FX: IT'S QUIETER THAN IN THE PREVIOUS EPISODE, SO ONLY A FEW OTHER PEOPLE PASS THE DOCTOR AND MEL AS THEY WALK.

DOCTOR:

So poor old Alonso had a mole in his organization!

MEL:

In a manner of speaking. Trink seemed to think you and the settlers deliberately infected the Mogera.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

MEL:

Yes, what?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I'm aware that's what he thought.

MEL:

Right.

DOCTOR:

Is there something you want to ask me, Mel?

MEL:

No. No, there isn't.

FX: THEY STOP WALKING.

DOCTOR:

And here we are.

MEL:

The lights are still off. I don't think anyone's been in since.

DOCTOR:

Apart from the murderer, of course.

SCENE 43: INT. THE CLOVEN PINE (CONTINUOUS)

FX: THE DOUBLE DOORS SWING OPEN AS THE DOCTOR AND MEL ENTER.

MEL:

The shot turned Trink into a pile of dust, right over- It's gone!

DOCTOR:

It looks as though he was given the ultimate brush-off.

MEL:

I got the impression he didn't trust Juno.

DOCTOR:

So at least we know he was a good judge of character.

MEL:

We know something else as well – he had something stored in the Cloven Pine, somewhere over there, in the kitchens. He was on his way to get it when he was shot.

DOCTOR:

And you didn't see who did it?

MEL:

I was too busy running for my life. And here I was worried I might be out of practice.

DOCTOR:

You know, it's possible that whoever shot Trink also took whatever it was he wanted you to see.

MEL:

It's possible.

DOCTOR:

I don't suppose we'll know until we look, will we?

SCENE 44: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – LABS

FX: THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND ALONSO ENTERS.

JUNO:

I see the infirmary discharged you, then, Minister.

ALONSO:

No reason to keep me. Making an early start, Juno?

JUNO:

Look who's talking.

ALONSO:

I assumed the Doctor would be here also. He's not in his quarters, either. Where's he got to?

JUNO:

You tell me. I'm not his gaoler.

ALONSO:

He's a guest, Juno, not a prisoner. He can come and go as he pleases.

JUNO:

He'll be happy to hear that. Last time I saw him, he was talking about going back to his ship.

ALONSO:

What?

JUNO:

It'd be no great loss, Minister. He's achieved absolutely nothing in the short time he's been here and asked some appallingly dim-witted questions about the very energy source named after him.

FX: ALONSO SWITCHES ON HIS RADIO.

ALONSO:

Miranda?

MIRANDA:

(D; OVER RADIO) Attending.

ALONSO:

The Doctor is missing. Search *The Duke* from stem to stern – we can't afford to lose him!

FX: HE TURNS THE RADIO OFF.

ALONSO:

Juno, carry on doing... whatever it is you're doing.

JUNO:

Don't I always?

ALONSO:

Good work, child.

JUNO:

Wish you'd stop calling people that.

SCENE 45: INT. THE CLOVEN PINE – KITCHEN

FX: DOCTOR AND MEL SEARCHING GALLEY, OVERTURNING KITCHENWARE.

DOCTOR:

No... no... no! (FX: CRASH OF PLATES) Nothing.

MEL:

Looks like they did find whatever-it-was.

DOCTOR:

And yet there's no indication that this kitchen was searched.

MEL:

Do you think the killer thought they'd destroyed whatever-it-was when Trink disintegrated?

DOCTOR:

I do.

MEL:

I wish we could find it, so we can stop having to call it a whatever-it-was.

FX: THE SEARCH STOPS.

DOCTOR:

I think I can make your wish come true, Mel- look at this.

MEL:

It's a saucepan.

DOCTOR:

It's slightly heavier than it's supposed to be.

MEL:

Doesn't feel it.

DOCTOR:

Not by much.

MEL:

Then how-?

DOCTOR:

I cooked alongside the greatest chefs in Europe at the Tour d'Argent. Believe me, I know the weight of a saucepan.

MEL:

Trink didn't die for the sake of a heavier than usual saucepan.

DOCTOR:

It's the handle that's heavy. So if we unscrew it...

FX: HE TWISTS THE HANDLE SEVERAL TIMES UNTIL IT COMES OFF.

MEL:

There's something inside it.

DOCTOR:

I think I can reach it...

FX: HE SLIDES A SMALL OBJECT OUT.

MEL:

What is it?

DOCTOR:

This, I suspect, is the device Trink used to hack into human and Mogera frequencies.

MEL:

That's how he got his conspiracy theories out! Right under everyone's noses.

DOCTOR:

I wish I'd met this Trink properly, in spite of his opinion of me.

MEL:

So what's on it?

DOCTOR:

Umm...

FX: SERIES OF HIGH-PITCHED SOUNDS, SUGGESTIVE OF ITS TINY SIZE.

DOCTOR:

Nothing. The memory's empty.

MEL:

(SIGHS) He never got a chance to record it.

DOCTOR:

Everything he either knew, or thought he knew, really did die with him.

SCENE 46: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

FX: SMALL FIRE BURNS, AS IN EPISODE TWO.

TALPA:
(GROANS)

ACE:
And what sort of time do you call this?

TALPA:
(JUMPS UP — GASP OF ALARM AND CONFUSION)

ACE:
I had to make the fire the old-fashioned way. I was never a Girl Guide, but you wouldn't know looking at that, would you?

TALPA:
(HIS VOICE IS NOTICEABLY HIGHER) What... *what?*

ACE:
Word of warning, don't ever ask the Doctor how to make one of these — it's all shoelaces, cavemen skulls and sabre-tooth tiger fat in his book.

TALPA:
Ace... You didn't run away.

ACE:
I didn't, did I? Maybe I'm not as scared of you as you think I ought to be. I'm not one of those girls who thinks she can change a bloke, but- let's face it, Talpa, you're not the Mogera you used to be.

SCENE 47: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – CORRIDOR

FX: FOOTSTEPS IN ALL DIRECTIONS, SOME BG CHATTER.

ALONSO:

Ah, Doctor, I've been looking for you everywhere!

DOCTOR:

Small wonder you didn't find me, then – I haven't been everywhere.

MEL:

Not yet, anyway.

ALONSO:

Excuse me?

DOCTOR:

Can't stay to chat, Alonso, lots to do.

FX: DOCTOR AND MEL WALK AWAY HURRIEDLY.

DOCTOR:

(DEPARTING) Mel, I have a special task for you, if you think your computer skills are up to it.

MEL:

(DEPARTING) Glad to see you up and about, Alonso.

ALONSO:

Extraordinary fellow!

SCENE 48: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

FX: SMALL FIRE STILL BURNING.

TALPA:

I feel different. I sound different. Do I look different?

ACE:

Not so you'd know it - still got the fangs, and the talons. Maybe you've lost a little fierceness in your snout. But I reckon if we give you a few weeks off the shots...

TALPA:

I thought this was it. That my mind was going to go the same way as the rest of me.

ACE:

You weren't getting worse, Talpa, you were having a comedown.

TALPA:

And you recognised that?

ACE:

What can I say, you can take the girl out of the council estate...

TALPA:

You're saying I was drugged?

ACE:

I think so. And I think you did it to yourself, all of you.

TALPA:

The ampoules.

ACE:

Yeah, I've been thinking about that. Didn't you say you had to take a green one first, and then three yellow ones?

TALPA:

That's right.

ACE:

I think that's how they did it. The green one causes the mutation, the yellows keep it in check, just about stopping you from going the way you thought you were going. I suppose I didn't really help you all that much when I shot you full of the stuff.

TALPA:

Don't worry, I think we're even.

ACE:

When I start taking potshots at anything in my eyeline because I don't like the way the clouds are looking at me, then we'll be even.

TALPA:

We Mogera don't respond well to rough weather.

ACE:

The important thing is that you know the Doctor couldn't have done this to you.

TALPA:

Yes. Yes, I suppose I do know that. And if he didn't do it... then some of my Burrow-Brothers did.

ACE:

I think both of us need to have a word with your General Caliban.

SCENE 49: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – LABS

FX: MEL IS WORKING AT A KEYBOARD.

MEL:
(TO HERSELF) Good grief! He was right!

JUNO:
(FROM BEHIND) Who was right?

MEL:
(SURPRISE) Juno! (FX: STOPS TYPING) I didn't expect to see you there.

JUNO:
In my own lab.

MEL:
No, I mean looming over my shoulder.

JUNO:
I don't "loom," I just take an interest in what goes on in my headquarters. You know the Minister was looking for you all morning. What are you doing here?

MEL:
The Doctor asked me to work out a way of... blocking the broadcasts from Tr[ink]- (STOPS, CATCHES HERSELF) Setebos.

JUNO:
We haven't suffered one of those in the past 24 hours, praise mercy. So how's it going?

MEL:
Early days. Your alphabet's changed a little since my time.

JUNO:
I hear you're supposed to be very clever, I'm sure you'll adapt.

MEL:
The TARDIS usually does it for me – with something like this, it takes a little longer. But I'm managing.

JUNO:
Good.

MEL:
I'll let you know if I have a breakthrough.

JUNO:
That'll be nice. We haven't had one of those in a long-

FX: FROM SOME DISTANCE AWAY, A MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

JUNO:

What the hell-?

MEL:

The Mogera!

FX: ALARMS SOUND.

JUNO:

That came from the aft quarters! Follow me!

FX: MEL AND JUNO SET OFF RUNNING.

SCENE 50: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

FX: ACE AND TALPA ARE WALKING AGAIN, BUT TALPA'S DRAGGING A HEAVY OBJECT BEHIND HIM.

TALPA:
(WINCES)

ACE:
What's the matter?

TALPA:
This rifle! I didn't realise it was this heavy.

ACE:
Then tell me we're almost at Caliban's Burrow.

TALPA:
(LAUGHS) Caliban's burrow? Of course we're not! How small do you think this planet is?

ACE:
Then where've we been headed all this time?

TALPA:
We can't dig our way everywhere. Sometimes we have to fly.

ACE:
What, you can fly, too?

TALPA:
Yeah, we can fly, too. In magical machines with wings and engines.

ACE:
You know, Talpa, it seems like one of the side-effects of getting off the drugs is that you've become a bit of a prat.

TALPA:
Seems that way. You think the others'll notice I'm different now?

ACE:
It's just possible, yeah. And that might just stop us getting to Caliban.

FX: A JET PASSES OVERHEAD, ITS ENGINES AGAIN MIRRORING THE SOUNDS OF THE WEAPONS AND VEHICLES HEARD THUS FAR.

SCENE 51: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – AFT QUARTERS.

FX: ALARMS LOUDER IN HERE. EXTINGUISHERS FIRE AT REGULAR INTERVALS. BG EXPRESSIONS OF ALARM. MEL AND JUNO APPROACH.

JUNO:

This isn't the Mogera, what the hell's happened?

MEL:

The Doctor! He's underneath the wreckage!

JUNO:

What!

MEL:

I can see his foot!

FX: SHE ATTEMPTS TO MOVE A SHEET OF METAL.

MEL:

(STRUGGLING) Somebody help me!

JUNO:

If he's responsible for this, he'd better be dead!

MEL:

Shut up! Help me get this off him! (STRAINING WITH THE EFFORT OF FREEING HIM)

FX: SLOWLY, THE METAL SHEET IS PULLED AWAY AND OVERTURNED.

MEL:

Oh, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

(WEAK) Mel... Mel!

JUNO:

Shut off the power to this section! Do it now!

MEL:

Doctor, what were you doing?

DOCTOR:

Experimenting. Weather control. (COUGHS) Should have worked...

FX: ALONSO ARRIVES AT A STATELY JOG.

ALONSO:

(APPROACHING) Juno, what's happening here?

JUNO:

Your precious Doctor tried to blow a hole in the hull of *The Duke!* We're vulnerable enough as it is!

FX: ALARM AND EXTINGUISHERS SHUT DOWN.

ALONSO:

Get him to the infirmary!

SCENE 52: EXT. WASTES OF PROSPER

FX: ANOTHER JET PASSES OVER.

ACE:

So, these other Mogera at this encampment, are they going to be reasonable or, y'know, the other?

TALPA:

What do you call "the other"?

ACE:

Clawing out my insides so they can use my ribs as toothpicks?

TALPA:

In all seriousness, dental hygiene is a big problem for us. That, and the murderous impulses.

ACE:

Brilliant.

TALPA:

You said you wanted to go.

ACE:

I say a lot of things.

TALPA:

I noticed. So tell me about this Perivale.

ACE:

Well, it's a bit like the wastelands of Prosper, but without the character.

SCENE 53: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – INFIRMARY

FX: DOUBLE BEEP OF A HEART MONITOR (SO THE SAME BEAT AS HEARD IN *THE SOUND OF DRUMS*, ETC)

DOCTOR:

Mel?

MEL:

I'm here, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Is it still me?

MEL:

Still you? You haven't regenerated, if that's what you mean.

DOCTOR:

Oh, thank heavens. I haven't had an ugly incarnation yet, but I'm sure I must be due for one.

MEL:

Doctor, what exactly happened?

DOCTOR:

I wish I knew, Mel. It should have worked – I ran repeated simulations, I re-tested the Doctorium.

MEL:

Then it must have been sabotage. Only someone in the League of Technogicians could have that kind of knowledge.

FX: DOOR OPENS AUTOMATICALLY; ALONSO ENTERS.

ALONSO:

(APPROACHING) Oh, my friend, you've had quite a day.

DOCTOR:

It certainly hasn't gone the way I expected it to.

ALONSO:

Juno explained the whole thing to me.

MEL:

Did she? I'd be very interested to hear that explanation.

ALONSO:

I'm just relieved you realized the limitations of Doctorium before it cost you your life.

MEL:

"Limitations"?

DOCTOR:

Yes, Alonso, I see that now.

MEL:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

I'd be interested in examining the data, to understand just where I went wrong.

ALONSO:

If you'd regained consciousness an hour or two earlier, Doctor, that might have been possible. Juno deemed it inadvisable for even the last piece of the experiment to be recoverable, and I must confess, I agree with her. Everything has been dismantled, and all records wiped.

MEL:

She's very thorough, isn't she? How long has she been Chief Mage now? Fourteen years, isn't it?

ALONSO:

I believe it is, Mel. You're really getting to know us, aren't you?

MEL:

Juno especially. I don't know why, I just find her so fascinating.

ALONSO:

Well, Doctor, I wish I could stay with you a while longer, but my work is never done.

DOCTOR:

Another emergency?

ALONSO:

Of a rather mundane nature, I'm afraid. The chap who runs the Cloven Pine, umm... it'll come to me – it looks as though he went on some sort of drunken binge last night and wrecked the kitchen. Nobody seems to know where he's got to, and it's almost lunchtime.

FX: HE WALKS OFF, THE DOORS OPENING FOR HIM.

ALONSO:

(DEPARTING) Who'd be a Minister of Fate by choice, eh? Not I.

SCENE 54: EXT. MOGERA ENCAMPMENT

FX: AS TALPA AND ACE APPROACH:

KLOSSI:

Look, it's Talpa! (CALLING) Talpa, we thought we'd lost you for good! – Hey, everyone, look who's alive!

MOGERA X 3:

(ROAR)

TALPA:

(HIGH) Yeah, I, er... (PUTTING ON A DEEP VOICE) Yeah, I brought a prisoner.

KLOSSI:

Prisoners we don't need! Lunch, we do! (HE SNORTS)

ACE:

I'm off the menu. And leave it out with the snorting, will you? I had enough of that with the Porcians.

KLOSSI:

Give her here.

TALPA:

Didn't you hear General Caliban's orders, Klossi? He wants her.

KLOSSI:

Then he should come here and get her, shouldn't he?

ACE:

Listen to Talp- To this mad brute. I'm a wanted woman.

(SIMULTANEOUSLY)

KLOSSI:

Yeah, wanted f-

ACE:

Don't say "wanted for lunch."

TALPA:

Listen, Klossi, whoever presents her to the General gets taken away from the killing.

KLOSSI:

Who wants to stop killing?

MOGERA 1,2 & 3:

(SHRIEK LIKE BANSHEES)

FX: THEY REPEATEDLY STAMP THE GROUND AS THEY SHRIEK.

ACE:

It's always like this when blokes get together. Why don't you just take up rugby and get out of the freedom fighter business?

KLOSSI:

Who's talking to you, hag-seed?

ACE:

"Hag-seed"? Did you just say something about my mum?

KLOSSI:

Was she a hag?

ACE:

(AFTER A BRIEF PAUSE) Shut up. Just remember what a valuable commodity I am.

TALPA:

Yeah, if we harm her at all... (STRUGGLING WITH RIFLE WEIGHT) General Caliban will... come over here... and then we'll all be...

FX: RIFLE RATTLES IN HIS HAND AS IT DID FOR ACE IN PART TWO.

KLOSSI:

What's the matter with your rifle, Talpa?

TALPA:

Nothing, it's just... overheating... or something.

KLOSSI:

Take it from me, Talpa, if you don't want the human harmed, she won't be harmed.

TALPA:

Good, I-

FX: KLOSSI'S MASSIVE ARM SMASHES INTO ACE.

ACE:

(REACTS)

TALPA:

No!

FX: ACE HITS THE GROUND.

MOGERA 1,2 & 3:

(SHRIEK DELIGHTEDLY)

FX: THEY HAMMER THE GROUND ONCE AGAIN.

KLOSSI :

Oops .

SCENE 55: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – INFIRMARY

FX: DOUBLE BEEP OF THE HEART MONITOR.

MEL:

While you were working on your weather experiment, I was doing some investigating.

DOCTOR:

And what did you find out?

MEL:

When did Juno tell us Caliban came to power?

DOCTOR:

I've only just regained consciousness, Mel.

MEL:

She said it was about fifteen years ago, but it was actually fourteen years ago – the same time she became head of the League of Technogicians! You're not going to tell me that's a coincidence!

DOCTOR:

I'm not? Oh, all right.

MEL:

And guess what? I can't find any mention of mention of Caliban in any of the humans' intelligence reports until he became leader of the Mogera – it's as though before that, he didn't exist!

DOCTOR:

What is it you're trying to say, Mel?

MEL:

I'm saying Trink was right to suspect Juno. I think it seemed like Caliban didn't exist because he doesn't exist. Why do you think he needs that voice synthesizer? Not because he was wounded in battle...

DOCTOR:

But because Juno and Caliban are one and the same.

MEL:

She's posing as him, stage-managing the entire war to wipe out the Mogera!

DOCTOR:

For a moment, I thought you were about to say it was Coragio Welkin.

MEL:

Who?

DOCTOR:

The actor. But Mel, in order for that to be true, Juno would have to have access to transmat technology.

MEL:

Which you say should be completely possible and she says isn't! The whole of the League of Technogicians have been tricked! And who's in charge of the League, who dismantled your equipment and wiped all the data? Well?

DOCTOR:

It's still just a theory. How do you propose we prove it?

MEL:

By uncovering Juno's transmat device.

DOCTOR:

Easier said than done.

MEL:

Said *and* done!

DOCTOR:

You've found it?

MEL:

Let me show you – I borrowed this tablet from the Technogicians' lab.

FX: SHE TAPS ON THE TABLET.

MEL:

I love these, when are we going to get them on Earth? Now, look at this.

DOCTOR:

Blueprints.

MEL:

The original designs for *The Duke of Milan*.

DOCTOR:

Oh, look, they went back to using cubits. Very wise.

FX: MORE TAPS.

MEL:

Now this is the current layout of the ship. Notice anything different?

DOCTOR:

Not until I stop seeing double, I'm afraid.

FX: MORE TAPS.

MEL:

How about if I overlay one on the other? Now, pay close attention to this section. There's a compartment right here that's on the original blueprints but not the current plans.

DOCTOR:

Just large enough for a transmat chamber.

MEL:

I thought so, too. And look how close it is to the labs.

DOCTOR:

I should say it's worth a look. What are we waiting for?

MEL:

"We"?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I've grown impatient being a patient. Help me detach all these wires, would you?

MEL:

I thought you were still seeing double.

DOCTOR:

Then there'll only be half as many wires to deal with as I thought.

SCENE 56: INT. MOGERA FLIGHT VESSEL

FX: A MOGERA STOMPS HIS WAY INSIDE.

KLOSSI:

Put her anywhere, son, no need to be gentle.

FX: ACE'S BODY IS DROPPED TO THE FLOOR.

TALPA:

Klossi, I think you hit her too hard.

KLOSSI:

There's no such thing as "too hard." They don't feel things like we do, remember.

FX: KLOSSI SLAMS THE CABIN WALL.

KLOSSI:

Hey, pilot – what's the hold-up? We want to be back home!

FX: THE VESSEL'S WINCH-OPERATED DOOR CLOSES.

KLOSSI:

What's your problem, Talpa? If we get hungry, we've got ourselves an in-flight meal.

SCENE 57: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – CORRIDOR

FX: MEL AND THE DOCTOR WALK STEALTHILY. ALL IS OTHERWISE QUIET.

MEL:

It should be somewhere around here.

FX: SHE RAPS ON THE WOODEN WALL.

DOCTOR:

What are you doing?

MEL:

It always works in films. You keep knocking on the wall until you hear a sort of hollow sound, you know you've found the hidden room.

DOCTOR:

Much as I admire the old-fashioned methods, I think we can speed the process up a little.

FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER WHIRRS.

DOCTOR:

Here.

MEL:

Behind the painting of Queen Elizabeth?

DOCTOR:

The label says it's Empress Beyonce The Second.

FX: PANEL SLIDES OPEN WITH A HUM.

DOCTOR:

Shall we?

SCENE 58: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER (CONTINUOUS)

FX: MEL AND THE DOCTOR ENTER THE CHAMBER.

MEL:

I was right!

DOCTOR:

You almost sound like you don't believe it.

MEL:

Well, it's one thing to say, it's another thing to actually find the proof of it.

FX: SETTINGS IN THE CHAMBER ARE ACTIVATED AND THE ROOM HUMS INTO LIFE.

MEL:

It really is a transmat! Powered by Doctorium?

DOCTOR:

I can't tell you how much I've gone off that name. This is interesting, though.

MEL:

What is?

DOCTOR:

Quite a range on it – it could send a person anywhere on Prosper.

MEL:

Including Mogera territory.

DOCTOR:

It's also linked directly to another transmat machine. I wonder where that is?

MEL:

We could go there and find out for ourselves.

DOCTOR:

It might be dangerous.

MEL:

It almost certainly will be. What are we waiting for?

FX: DOCTOR ACTIVATES MORE SETTINGS AND A DEMATERIALISATION NOISE SLOWLY RISES IN VOLUME.

DOCTOR:

(AS HE DEMATERIALISES) Here we go...

FX: MIRANDA MARCHES IN.

MIRANDA:

You're not going anywhere!

MEL:

Doctor, look out!

FX: ENERGY BLAST OF THE SORT HEARD AT THE TOP OF THE EPISODE,
FOLLOWED BY A SMALL EXPLOSION AND SPARKS.

SCENE 59: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR – TRANSMAT CHAMBER

FX: REMATERIALISATION NOISE.

DOCTOR:

Mel! (PAUSE) Mel? She didn't come through with me – that's alarming. I hope she's in less trouble than I am.

FX: TRANSMAT CHAMBER DOOR SLIDES OPEN (FASTER THAN THE DOOR ON *THE DUKE*)

DOCTOR:

Oh, well, mustn't keep the General waiting.

FX: HE WALKS INTO...

SCENE 60: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT INTO THE ROOM. MIRANDA IS SPEAKING OVER THE RADIO.

MIRANDA:

(D) I saw that the transmat had been breached. In my haste to respond, I may have damaged it.

CALIBAN:

Not permanently, I'm sure. We've just had an arrival at this end.

MIRANDA:

(D) The Doctor.

CALIBAN:

The legends don't exaggerate his resourcefulness.

DOCTOR:

Why do I get the feeling I was expected?

CALIBAN:

Sooner or later, it was inevitable, Doctor. But I'm glad it's taken you this long. You're in good time.

DOCTOR:

For tea?

CALIBAN:

For the end game.

DOCTOR:

It's never for tea.

CALIBAN:

Take care of things at your end, Miranda.

MIRANDA:

(D) You can rely on me.

FX: HE SWITCHES OFF HIS RADIO.

DOCTOR:

I'm a big fan of your videos, General Caliban. In fact, I'm seriously thinking about subscribing.

CALIBAN:

And for my part, I've been looking forward to meeting you ever since you arrived on Prosper.

DOCTOR:

No, I don't think so.

CALIBAN:

No?

DOCTOR:

We've met before, haven't we? Several times, in fact, on *The Duke of Milan*.

CALIBAN:

(CHUCKLES)

DOCTOR:

You know the means by which I came here, there really is no point in denying it.

CALIBAN:

Oh, I don't deny it, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I know that underneath that mask you're not a Mogera at all – you're human.

CALIBAN:

You're quite correct, Doctor. I am indeed human..

FX: HE PULLS OFF THE MASK IN ONE GO WITH A VELCRO TEAR.

ALONSO:

(DEEP GULP OF AIR) ... but probably not the human you were expecting.

DOCTOR:

Alonso?

CALIBAN:

(LAUGHS)

(MUSIC: CLOSING THEME)

PART FOUR

REPRISE

DOCTOR:

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CALIBAN:

(CHUCKLES)

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FX: HE PULLS OFF THE MASK IN ONE GO WITH A VELCRO TEAR.

ALONSO:

(DEEP GULP OF AIR) ...But probably not the human you were expecting.

DOCTOR:

Alonso?

CALIBAN:

(LAUGHS)

SCENE CONTINUES:

SCENE 61: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR (CONTINUOUS)

ALONSO:

I'm so very tired. You've no idea how exhausting it is, dematerialising here, rematerialising there.

DOCTOR:

I think I might.

ALONSO:

You know, I was hoping for more of a reaction - that's something of a let-down. I was under the impression that you were beginning to suspect Juno.

DOCTOR:

You are and your ancestors have been running quite an operation, Alonso.

ALONSO:

I knew you'd be as clever as they said. You were just a little slow on the uptake, that's all.

DOCTOR:

No one person could have kept the properties of Doctorium secret for a century.

ALONSO:

How true, how true. And you're quite right about that, Doctor - my daughter, Miranda, has been my faithful accomplice.

DOCTOR:

Your daughter? Well, that makes a depressing amount of sense.

ALONSO:

It's a wise father that knows their own child, Doctor.

SCENE 62: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER

FX: FEW TINY SPARKS.

MEL:

(COUGHS) I hope the Doctor made it out in one piece, Miranda.

MIRANDA:

I'm advised by my father that he did.

MEL:

No thanks to you, shooting out the controls like tha- (BREAKS OFF) Wait a minute - your father?

MIRANDA:

Alonso. Caliban.

MEL:

(GROANS) Right idea, wrong person.

MIRANDA:

Now: Get up.

FX: HER STAFF POWERS UP.

MIRANDA:

I said... Get up!

SCENE 63: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR**DOCTOR:**

You've been at this quite some time, haven't you?

ALONSO:

I, and the Milanese who came before me.

DOCTOR:

Oh, you gave yourselves a name? That's never a good sign.

ALONSO:

After a century's effort, I think we've earned that at the very least.

DOCTOR:

Don't you think if you'd been less elaborate and gone without the subterfuge, you'd have got the job done long ago?

ALONSO:

What exactly is it that you imagine we're doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

The same as all the other madmen I've encountered in my travels – the extermination of an entire race.

ALONSO:

I prefer to think of it as "pruning".

DOCTOR:

And how do you think the Mogera see it?

ALONSO:

The Mogera? My dear Doctor, the Mogera are of no importance to our plans whatever, except insofar as they serve a purpose. (A BEAT) Now *there's* the look of surprise I was hoping for earlier.

SCENE 64: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER

MEL:

I can't believe you never told us you were Alonso's daughter!

MIRANDA:

And I can't believe you never asked me.

MEL:

Fair enough.

MIRANDA:

Why do you think he calls me "child"?

MEL:

He calls everyone "child"!

FX: SUDDEN SPARKING.

MIRANDA:

I'm afraid the transmat's offline for the foreseeable.

MEL:

You probably shouldn't have shot at it, should you?

MIRANDA:

The old man will have to fly back here. He won't like that.

MEL:

Well, if that's the worst thing that happens to him..

MIRANDA:

You should be more concerned about what's going to happen to you, Mel. My father gave strict me orders not to kill you. But I think the situation has changed quite a bit of late. And also, I just really, really want to kill you.

SCENE 65: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR**ALONSO:**

One hundred years ago, Doctor, you created this situation.

DOCTOR:

I thought we'd already established that I didn't.

ALONSO:

And when did we do that?

DOCTOR:

When it became clear that the Doctorium posed no threat to the Mogera.

ALONSO:

The Mogera, the Mogera! Forget the Mogera! Think instead of the humans you abandoned on Prosper.

DOCTOR:

Abandoned, simply because you weren't prepared to share a planet?

ALONSO:

Did you ever do some simple arithmetic before selecting this brave new world for us to spend the remainder of our days on? Prosper is far from barren, but did you really imagine it was large or fertile enough for an entire fleet? Before the first settler even set foot here, we Milanese had established that our numbers were at unsustainable levels.

DOCTOR:

I didn't know.

ALONSO:

You could have known. But you, Doctor, were interested only in saving the day – that one day, with no consideration of all the days to come. That problem you left to my illustrious ancestor, Lorenzo, and his inner circle.

DOCTOR:

The original Milanese.

ALONSO:

We poor, ignorant humans aren't like you, Doctor – we can't simply wait for time to tell the tale. Had we done so, it would have ended in death.

DOCTOR:

It always does, Alonso, it's just a matter of how long you have to wait for it.

ALONSO:

You have no right to judge those great men! You placed them in an impossible situation and turned your back on them!

DOCTOR:

I almost hate to ask what course of action they decided upon.

ALONSO:

Because you've finally realised, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

A cull.

ALONSO:

Of course, despite the necessity of the enterprise, you can imagine that the settlers would be rather unwilling to volunteer themselves for sacrifice.

DOCTOR:

People can be strange about things like that.

ALONSO:

There was, of course, only one logical solution: manufacture an enemy to do the job for us.

SCENE 66: INT. MOGERA FLIGHT VESSEL

FX: THE VESSEL IS GRADUALLY DESCENDING. SEVERAL MOGERA ARE DISASSEMBLING AND REASSEMBLING THEIR RIFLES.

KLOSSI:

I sometimes wonder if I don't love my gun more than I love my claws, you know. That's not wrong, is it?

ACE:

(MOANS)

TALPA:

She's coming round.

KLOSSI:

Good, I like my meat fresh.

TALPA:

Too late for that – we're about to land.

FX: TALPA TAPS ACE.

TALPA:

Can you hear me, Ace- (CHECKS HIMSELF) – human?

KLOSSI:

I think you're getting far too fond of this creature. You know Caliban's going to turn her inside out?

TALPA:

He just wants to talk to her.

KLOSSI:

You're not thinking of asking if you can keep her as a pet, are you?

TALPA:

She's not a pet, she's a person!

KLOSSI:

You're really starting to worry me, Talpa. I think it'd be best if I took her to the General.

TALPA:

She's my prisoner!

KLOSSI:

She was your prisoner – now she's mine. D'you want to fight me for her, Talpa? Because I really don't think you're up to it.

MOGERA 1, 2 & 3:

(ALL SQUEAL LIKE SWINE)

FX: THE WHEELS OF THE VESSEL TOUCH THE GROUND AS IT LANDS AND SLOWLY COMES TO A STOP.

TALPA:

You don't even want the promotion!

KLOSSI:

I don't want to stop killing humans, I never said I didn't want promotion. Now step away from her, boy.

ACE:

Not so fast!

FX: ACE LEAPS UP. A MOGERA RIFLE POWERS UP.

ACE:

You heard what Talpa said, I'm his prisoner! Now back off, Godzilla!

KLOSSI:

(LAUGHS) Don't waste your time, little girl! I doubt you can hold Talpa's rifle much longer, and you definitely don't know how to use it.

ACE:

You're right, it is heavy. But you're wrong when you think I've been unconscious up 'til now. I came to ages ago, and I've been watching your lot field-stripping your weapons. I reckon I could handle one.

KLOSSI:

Give me that!

FX: THE RIFLE FIRES AND KLOSSI HITS THE WALL OF THE VESSEL BEFORE COLLAPSING.

MOGERA 1, 2 & 3:

(ALL SHRIEK FURIOUSLY)

ACE:

Same goes for the rest of you - back off, Super Furry Animals!

KLOSSI:

(AN EXCLAMATION OF ANNOYANCE AND DISCOMFORT THAT CONVEYS THE FACT THAT ACE DIDN'T SHOOT TO KILL)

ACE:

Talpa!

FX: THE VESSEL'S DOOR LOWERS.

TALPA:

What?

ACE:

Take the gun!

FX: HE STRUGGLES TO GRASP THE RIFLE.

TALPA:

(STRUGGLES) All right, got it! Now listen – she's my prisoner.
Nobody takes her to Caliban but me!

SCENE 67: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER**MEL:**

The crash – that was all staged, wasn't it?

MIRANDA:

Of course it was.

MEL:

Alonso was never attacked by the Mogera at all. He never even went out looking for Ace.

MIRANDA:

Why would he? He wanted her out of the way, wanted the Doctor anxious.

MEL:

But he could have died, Miranda! How could you just stand there and let that happen?

MIRANDA:

Do you even listen to what you're saying? It was all staged – *all* of it. He was never in that transport. It was pre-programmed to hit the hull of *The Duke*; my father wasn't even on board.

MEL:

Then, how...? (GROANS; REALISATION) He transmatted in just after the crash. Oh, that is brilliant!

MIRANDA:

He thought so. I thought you'd be clever enough to see through it. Obviously, I gave you too much credit.

MEL:

If he was right about that, maybe he was right about not killing me.

MIRANDA:

The Doctor's in Caliban's burrow now. He knows the truth. There's no need to keep up the pretence. The hour's almost come, Mel.

MEL:

What does that mean?

MIRANDA:

For you, it means not having to worry about the Doctor or Ace any longer, for me it means I finally get to-

FX: MIRANDA GETS AN ALMIGHTY WHACK TO THE HEAD WITH A HEAVY OBJECT.

MIRANDA:
(REACTS)

FX: SHE COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR, DROPPING HER STAFF.

MEL:
Thanks for that, Juno!

JUNO:
Don't mention it. She was going to kill you.

MEL:
Looks that way, doesn't it?

JUNO:
I heard a shot, and came looking and- and-

MEL:
And discovered a room you've never seen before, right?

JUNO:
That's right. Will you please tell me what the hell is going on around here?

SCENE 68: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR**ALONSO:**

The original Milanese carried out the mutation of the Mogera with a steroid-infused gas.

DOCTOR:

Genetically-targeted, I imagine.

ALONSO:

Well, naturally. As time went on, and we infiltrated what passes for the higher levels of what passes for their society, we were able to introduce the concept of regular anti-Doctorium inoculations.

DOCTOR:

Simply a more direct way of introducing the toxin into their systems.

ALONSO:

If you want to cut down the population, it's best not to tell them you're doing it. If you want the population to inject themselves with a drug so frequently that it becomes an addiction, don't let them know why they actually need to take it.

DOCTOR:

You made them into monsters.

ALONSO:

After you made us into monsters! Do you think I'm proud of the pain we inflicted on the Mogera?

DOCTOR:

Honestly? Yes.

ALONSO:

Well, perhaps a little, but why shouldn't I be – after a century's work on the part of my forefathers, and no small effort on my own part?

DOCTOR:

Don't sell yourself short, Alonso. You engineered the Mogera attacks *and* the human resistance.

ALONSO:

Not too resistant. It's all finely-calculated, down to the very last casualty.

DOCTOR:

And all to ensure a viable gene pool.

ALONSO:

All to ensure the continuation of our noble race on Prosper.

DOCTOR:

You call mass murder noble?

ALONSO:

Well, I wouldn't call it murder, so I suppose it all comes down to semantics in the end. And we are nearing the end, Doctor. Believe me when I say that every possible contingency was accounted for a hundred years ago, including the remote possibility of your return.

DOCTOR:

Ace didn't get separated from us by accident, did she?

ALONSO:

There are no accidents. You must have known that when I was forced to sabotage your little experiment.

DOCTOR:

You weren't expecting me to show up in your lair, though, were you?

ALONSO:

The correct term is 'burrow', Doctor. The point is, nobody on *The Duke of Milan* knows where you are now.

DOCTOR:

Mel knows.

ALONSO:

And my daughter is dealing with Mel. Despite my earlier injunctions, I suspect she's quite keen on killing your companion. What sort of parent would I be if I didn't give my child just what she wanted?

SCENE 69: INT. ENTRANCE TO CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR

FX: ACE AND TALPA ENTER, KICKING LOOSE STONES. TALPA IS ONCE AGAIN DRAGGING HIS RIFLE. ECHO ON DIALOG THROUGHOUT.

ACE:

I think I might've misjudged burrows, Talpa. As a place to live, I mean. Couple of rugs, a lampshade, it'd be nicer than the place I grew up.

TALPA:

They used to be a lot smaller. *We* used to be a lot smaller.

ACE:

You can drop that gun now, you know.

TALPA:

I suppose I'll have to.

FX: HE TOSSES THE RIFLE AWAY, AND IT SMASHES.

TALPA:

Too heavy for either one of us to carry. The question is, what do we do when we get to Caliban?

ACE:

The Doctor should have a few ideas.

TALPA:

The Doctor? He's back in the human territory, probably on *The Duke of Milan*.

ACE:

Not once he's figured out that Caliban has all the answers. He'll want to talk to him as badly as we do.

FX: A HIGH REPETITIVE BEEP.

TALPA:

Sorry, Ace, that's me.

ACE:

Just when I think I've seen everything a Mogera can do.

FX: HE PULLS OUT HIS COMMUNICATOR.

TALPA:

I mean it's my communicator. I've got a message... and it's from the Doctor!

SCENE 70: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER

JUNO:

Where did this place come from?

MEL:

For a scientist, you don't have a lot of curiosity, do you?

JUNO:

So it would seem. How's this?

FX: JUNO PULLS A ROPE TAUT.

MIRANDA:

Ow!

MEL:

I think that means the rope's tight enough.

JUNO:

Knot-tying's not really my area of expertise. I don't want to cut off her circulation.

MIRANDA:

You don't know what I'm going to cut off you when I get free!

JUNO:

You know, Miranda, when you had this attitude towards the Mogera, I was fine with it, but now it's just disturbing.

MEL:

Just so long as she can't try to kill us again.

MIRANDA:

You. I was trying to kill you. Juno, untie me!

JUNO:

No.

MIRANDA:

This is high treason!

JUNO:

And this is a transmat chamber. At least, it looks like one. And that should be impossible. So I want you to tell me right now-

FX: A HIGH REPETITIVE BEEP, VERY SIMILAR TO THE ONE IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

JUNO:

Excuse me, I've got mail.

FX: SHE EXTRACTS HER COMMUNICATOR.

MEL:

And it definitely can't wait?

JUNO:

Not this one – the Doctor's sent me a file.

MIRANDA:

The Doctor?

MEL:

What is it?

FX: OVER THE COMMUNICATOR, THE DIALOGUE FROM THE LAST SCENE OF PART THREE IS REPLAYED.

DOCTOR:

I know that underneath that mask you're not a Mogera at all – you're human.

CALIBAN:

You're quite correct, Doctor. I am indeed human...

FX: HE TEARS AT THE MASK, PULLING IT OFF IN ONE GO.

ALONSO:

(DEEP GULP OF AIR) ... but probably not the human you were expecting.

JUNO:

Minister?

SCENE 71: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR**ALONSO:**

Now does my project gather to a head. Two more weeks is all it will take. Two weeks precisely. The final Mogera assaults will at last reduce our population to a manageable size.

DOCTOR:

"Manageable" – not the first time I've heard the word used in that context.

ALONSO:

I don't expect you to approve because I don't expect you to understand.

DOCTOR:

Clearly, you don't expect either the Mogera or your fellow humans to understand, either.

ALONSO:

They don't have to understand to benefit from the bright future I've shaped for them. Except for the Mogera, of course, they'll all be dead. But you can't make an omelette without killing a few eggs, as I believe the expression goes.

DOCTOR:

Then it's probably just as well that they haven't been let in on your grand scheme for them.

ALONSO:

Obviously, I take no great pleasure in committing... what should one call it?

DOCTOR:

Genocide.

ALONSO:

Pest control. – But once they've served their purpose, they're really just using up our precious air and resources, to say nothing of all that valuable Doctorium they're sitting on top of.

DOCTOR:

What do you imagine they'd say about that?

ALONSO:

Oh, I imagine they'd be furious, but then they're always furious, aren't they? We designed them that way.

DOCTOR:

And the humans?

ALONSO:

I'm not really interested in playing hypotheticals any more, Doctor. I have enjoyed our little visit – apart from Miranda, there isn't really anybody else capable of appreciating the scale of the Milanese plan. But now I think it's time..

FX: ALONSO DONS THE MASK.

CALIBAN:

To notify those poor credulous monsters that their greatest foe has somehow made his way into their leader's burrow.

DOCTOR:

That won't be necessary, "General Caliban". You see, they already know.

CALIBAN:

What do you mean?

DOCTOR:

This recording device recently came into my possession. I believe your daughter killed its inventor.

CALIBAN:

Setebos!

DOCTOR:

It's a clever little thing, able to transmit on all available channels.

CALIBAN:

Wait, wait...

FX: CALIBAN PRESSES BUTTON FRANTICALLY. REPLAY FROM THE START OF THE SCENE:

ALONSO:

-more weeks is all it will take. Two weeks precisely. The final Mogera assaults will at last reduce our population to a manageable size.

DOCTOR:

"Manageable" – not the first time I've heard the word used in that context.

ALONSO:

I don't expect you to approve because I don't expect you to understand.

DOCTOR:

Your revels now are ended.

CALIBAN:

Do you have any idea what you've done?

DOCTOR:

The point is, Alonso, everyone on Prosper now knows precisely what you've done... and I think it's safe to say that they won't be happy about it.

SCENE 72: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER

JUNO:

Nearly got it...

FX: A PANEL IS PULLED LOOSE, RESULTING IN MORE SPARKS.

JUNO:

Good grief!

MEL:

Do you think you can fix it?

JUNO:

Fix it? I shouldn't even touch it! Mel, I've never seen technology like this before.

MEL:

Well, you've got next to no time to become an expert, because we've got to get the Doctor out of there!

JUNO:

I expect Miranda could help. Could you?

MIRANDA:

Just release me and find out.

JUNO:

I withdraw the suggestion.

MEL:

Don't worry, I was never considering it. She'd probably use it to scatter your atoms across the entire planet.

MIRANDA:

I wasn't planning on doing that, but now you've given me the idea, it's all I can think about.

JUNO:

Ah, this looks promising...

FX: A MASSIVE BANG.

JUNO:

Ow! Skainsmate! Pardon my French.

MIRANDA:

(LAUGHS)

MEL:

Just get it working!

FX: JUNO TINKERS.

JUNO:

I always did think there was something a bit odd about you, Miranda, even when you were a child. I blame the parent.

MEL:

So do the Mogera, which means the Doctor's going to be in the middle of a bloodbath any minute!

SCENE 73: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR**CALIBAN:**

What happens next is on your head, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

The events of the last century are on my head also, so that seems only fair.

CALIBAN:

Perhaps the damage to the transmat isn't as bad as Miranda thought...

FX: HE ACTIVATES THE TRANSMAT SETTINGS, AS HE DID IN THE PREVIOUS EPISODE. THE ACTIVATION NOISE BEGINS, BUT QUICKLY DIES OUT.

DOCTOR:

Nothing. You have your own daughter to thank for that. Children can be such a handful, can't they?

FX: CALIBAN ACTIVATES SEVERAL CONTROLS.

CALIBAN:

I only needed a little while longer. But we'll have to proceed to the final stage nonetheless.

DOCTOR:

Alonso, whatever it is you're thinking of doing, please reconsider!

CALIBAN:

Computer, answer my best pleasure, and bring forth a torment to lay upon the damned!

FX: DOORS OF THE LAIR SLIDE OPEN; ACE AND TALPA MARCH IN.

ACE:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Hello Ace. Making friends, I trust?

ACE:

This is Talpa. He's not like the other Mogera, don't worry.

TALPA:

No, I'm not like the others. My rage is real, old man!

CALIBAN:

Stand down, burrow-brother, you've completed your mission.

ACE:

Oh give it a rest, everyone's seen who you are, granddad.

CALIBAN:

Who I am...

FX: HE REMOVES THE MASK AGAIN.

ALONSO:

But not what I can do, child.

TALPA:

You deceived us all, made us do terrible things, made us into-terrible things.

ALONSO:

Even at your best, you creatures were never particularly eloquent. You see what strange bedfellows I've had to work with here, Doctor?

TALPA:

All the deaths, ours and theirs...

ALONSO:

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes. That's all academic now. Just go back to your own burrow and wait for death, would you?

DOCTOR:

What have you done, Alonso?

TALPA:

At least *you* won't have to wait for *your* death.

ACE:

Forget him, Talpa.

ALONSO:

A challenge? Well, I'm hardly a sprightly youngster any more, I'm not even a Mogera.

ACE:

He's right, just leave him.

TALPA:

Never! He's used us, distorted us, killed us - and pretending to be one of us, that's the sickest joke of all!

ALONSO:

But artificial though they may be, my Mogera claws are just as sharp as yours!

FX: ALONSO'S CLAWS EXTEND, WOLVERINE-STYLE: SHINK!

ACE:

He's not kidding. Those are vicious – (WARNING) Talpa, look out!

ALONSO:

(SWIPES AT TALPA – EFFORT)

TALPA:

(SHRIEKS IN PAIN – THEN, WOUNDED:) Wrong. Mine are sharper – (EFFORT – STABS ALONSO)

ALONSO:

(SCREAMS)

SCENE 74: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER

FX: THE TRANSMAT POWERS UP (SLOWLY).

JUNO:

I think that should do it. I mean, I *hope* that should do it.

MEL:

Then what are we waiting for?

JUNO:

Did you not just hear what I said? There's no guarantee that the transmat will work properly.

MIRANDA:

Or at all.

JUNO:

Thank you for that, Miranda.

MIRANDA:

Looks like a botched job to me.

JUNO:

Yes, thank you!

MEL:

We need to send something through – the Doctor's running out of time.

JUNO:

Miranda's staff. No, stupid – it needs to be something organic. Miranda!

MEL:

It might kill her!

JUNO:

She almost killed you. Fair's fair.

MIRANDA:

I hate to say it, but she has a point, Mel.

MEL:

You've changed your tune. The transmat *is* repaired, isn't it?

MIRANDA:

Who knows?

MEL:

You do! You want us to beam you over to your father, so he can release you, and then it's two against one! Send me, Juno!

JUNO:

You're just guessing!

MIRANDA:

Let her do it, Juno - I'm interested to see what'll happen.

MEL:

Oh, I'm not going alone. You're coming with me, come on.

MIRANDA:

(GRUNTS WITH DISCOMFORT AND ANNOYANCE AS...)

FX: ... MEL DRAGS HER OVER LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES.

JUNO:

All right. Just stand right there. I think. There's still time to change your mind, Mel.

MEL:

Just do it, before I come to my senses.

FX: JUNO ACTIVATES MORE SETTINGS. THE DEMATERIALISATION NOISE COMES IN.

SCENE 75: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR

ACE:

Talpa! Talpa!

DOCTOR:

Ace, I'm so sorry.

ACE:

You killed him, Alonso!

FX: ALONSO DRAGS HIMSELF ACROSS THE GROUND.

ALONSO:

And he... me.

ACE:

Then hurry up and die!

ALONSO:

Not... before... the rest of his kind.

DOCTOR:

The order you gave the computer, Alonso – what did it mean?

ALONSO:

I have... discharged what I strove to do. See for yourself, Doctor.

FX: THE DOCTOR RAPIDLY CHECKS THE COMPUTER.

DOCTOR:

No!

ACE:

What is it, what's happening?

DOCTOR:

There's a storm brewing.

ACE:

The Mogera hate storms!

ALONSO:

They'll hate this one most of all.

DOCTOR:

It's the biggest this planet's ever had! It's brewing out at sea, look.

FX: A SCREEN ACTIVATES AND A VIOLENT STORM CAN BE HEARD, GROWING EVER LOUDER AS THE SCENE PROGRESSES.

ACE:

It's moving fast.

DOCTOR:

It'll create a tsunami large enough to cover the entire Mogeran territory.

ACE:

He's going to drown them all!

ALONSO:

Sea-water shall be their drink, and of their bones, shall coral be made!

ACE:

Doctor, do something, shut it down!

DOCTOR:

There's nothing I can do. Alonso, cancel the storm!

ALONSO:

(A WEAK LAUGH)

FX: SLIGHTLY OFF-MIC, TRANSMAT REMATERIALISATION NOISE.

ACE:

What's that?

FX: MEL AND MIRANDA STEP INTO THE ROOM.

DOCTOR:

Mel!

MEL:

Ace, thank goodness you're safe!

ACE:

Yeah, I get the impression I won't be for much longer. You hear that sound?

MIRANDA:

Father!

FX: SHE RUNS OVER TO ALONSO.

MIRANDA:

What have you done to him?

ACE:

My friend did to him exactly what he did to my friend.

MIRANDA:

Father? Father, can you hear me? Untie me, Mel. Please!

MEL:

All right.

ACE:

But I'm watching you.

FX: MIRANDA'S BONDS FALL TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

Miranda – you've got to convince him to reverse the storm.

MIRANDA:

Father?

ALONSO:

Miranda?

MIRANDA:

Yes. Yes, it's me.

ALONSO:

The experiment... has failed, Child. He that dies... (HE CHOKES)
pays all debts...

FX: HIS HEAD HITS THE FLOOR.

MIRANDA:

Nooo!

DOCTOR:

Miranda, I'm sorry, but the Mogera are running out of time.

MIRANDA:

You're wrong, Doctor – there's no time at all.

FX: IN ADDITION TO THE STORM, FAR-OFF, HUNDREDS OF MOGERA
BEGIN SHRIEKING IN TERROR.

DOCTOR:

Mel, you and Ace transmat back to *The Duke*!

MEL:

Not without you, Doctor!

ACE:

Is there really no way of stopping this before the tsunami
hits?

DOCTOR:

Not from here.

ACE:

You hear that? The Mogera know what's coming!

MEL:

Why not from here?

DOCTOR:

The program is voice-activated, and Alonso's dead!

MEL:

Did he actually give the order?

DOCTOR:

Of course he did- No, wait! Caliban did!

MEL:

The synthesizer, put it on!

DOCTOR:

Where is it? Where did it go?

MIRANDA:

I've got it right here, Doctor.

FX: SHE ATTACHES THE MASK.

CALIBAN/MIRANDA:

Computer, answer my best pleasure – may a south-west blister them all!

FX: THE STORM CAN NOW BE HEARD ABOUT THEM, NO LONGER JUST ONSCREEN.

MEL:

It's almost here!

FX: THE DOCTOR CHECKS THE INSTRUMENTS.

DOCTOR:

Oh, not just here...

SCENE 76: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER

FX: THE ROOM SHAKES UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF A TERRIBLE STORM.
JUNO FRANTICALLY ACTIVATES CONTROLS.

JUNO:

This message is going out on all available frequencies.
Tornadoes are about to tear the colony ships to pieces. I don't
know if you can hear this, Doctor - but do something!

SCENE 77: INT. CALIBAN'S UNDERGROUND LAIR

ACE:

Give me that mask-thing!

CALIBAN/MIRANDA:

Not a chance!

FX: MIRANDA RUNS TO THE TRANSMAT AND ACTIVATES THE CONTROLS. THE PROCESS TAKES A LITTLE LONGER THIS TIME.

DOCTOR:

You're wasting your time, Miranda - there's nowhere you'll be safe.

CALIBAN/MIRANDA:

That's not the plan, Doctor. I'm going to disperse my atoms over the whole of Prosper, and I'm taking the synthesizer with me!

MEL:

This is insanity!

CALIBAN/MIRANDA:

It's science! The experiment has been corrupted - it all has to be destroyed!

FX: ACE TAKES A FEW STEPS TOWARDS MIRANDA.

ACE:

My name's Ace. We haven't been properly introduced. I've just got one question for you, Miranda - do you have the same claws as your dad?

CALIBAN/MIRANDA:

What? Claws?

ACE:

Thought not!

FX: ACE PUNCHES HER.

CALIBAN/MIRANDA:

(REACTS)

FX: MIRANDA GOES DOWN, AS THE DEMATERIALISATION SOUND BEGINS.

MEL:

Grab the synthesizer!

FX: ACE TEARS THE MASK FROM MIRANDA.

ACE:

Got it!

DOCTOR:

Now get out of there!

FX: ACE MOVES QUICKLY AWAY AS THE TRANSMAT GOES INTO FULL OPERATION.

MIRANDA:

(SCREAMS AS SHE IS DISPERSED)

FX: THE SCREAM BLENDS IN WITH THE DEMATERIALISATION.

ACE:

Here, Doctor – do something brilliant with this!

DOCTOR:

Gladly!

FX: THE DOCTOR PUTS ON THE MASK.

CALIBAN/DOCTOR:

Computer, answer my best pleasure and, er... shut everything down, everything!

FX: THE STORM DIES OFF, AND WITH IT THE MOGERA PANIC. THE DOCTOR TEARS OFF THE SYNTHESIZER.

DOCTOR:

Phew! I hate to say it, but I think I'm several hundred years too old for these nick-of-time rescues.

ACE:

It didn't come in time for everybody.

DOCTOR:

No, Ace. No, it didn't.

SCENE 78: INT. DUKE OF MILAN – TRANSMAT CHAMBER

FX: THE TRANSMAT BEGINS TO ACTIVATE.

JUNO:

Mel? Is that you?

FX: UNDER THE TRANSMAT REMATERIALISATION, THE DOCTOR, MEL AND ACE, ARE TALKING, AN EFFECT ON THEIR VOICES WHICH ENDS AS THEY REMATERIALISE.

MEL:

Did you have to shut down *everything*?

DOCTOR:

I didn't exactly have a lot of time to think it through, Mel.

MEL:

But we were stuck for hours, while you tried to get the transmat working again!

JUNO:

Doctor, Mel! You're all right!

DOCTOR:

All right? Far from it, I'm afraid.

MEL:

Juno, this is Ace.

JUNO:

The one you made such a fuss about.

ACE:

Trust me, I'm worth it.

JUNO:

I thought we were all dead a few hours ago.

MEL:

Alonso and Miranda *are* dead.

ACE:

So's Talpa.

JUNO:

Who's Talpa? I've never heard of him.

ACE:

And he'd never heard of you, either. That doesn't mean he didn't make a difference.

JUNO:

Doctor, is it over?

DOCTOR:

For Alonso and Miranda, definitely. For Prosper, it's about to begin all over again.

MEL:

Now you have a chance to get it right – so long as you and the Mogera are completely honest with each other from the start.

JUNO:

How can we ever trust them?

ACE:

That's funny, they're saying the same thing about you.

DOCTOR:

The Mogera were only ever as evil as their leader.

MEL:

Who also happened to be *your* leader.

DOCTOR:

We all create our own monsters, Juno.

JUNO:

All right, er... How do we start?

DOCTOR:

That's for you to decide together.

JUNO:

Aren't you going to help?

DOCTOR:

No.

MEL:

You know, Doctor, I think we might have some responsibility-

DOCTOR:

We're leaving, Mel. Come on. Ace, you too.

JUNO:

But... you will be back, won't you?

DOCTOR:

Back? Never. Goodbye, Juno.

SCENE 79: EXT. STREETS OF PROSPER

FX: THE SAME CHILL WIND AS IN EPISODE ONE. THE DOCTOR, MEL AND ACE WALK.

MEL:

Ace, you talk some sense into him.

ACE:

I'm torn over this, Mel. Yeah, on the one hand, we probably should stay on a while, but on the other hand, I think I've seen enough of Prosper to last a lifetime – and walked over most of it. And then there's Talpa...

MEL:

Come on, Doctor, you've had time to think.

DOCTOR:

Several centuries, in fact, and it's still never enough. Ah, the TARDIS!

FX: THEY STOP WALKING, THE DOCTOR TURNS HIS KEY IN THE LOCK, THE DOOR OPENS.

MEL:

Couldn't we at least make a return trip, in another hundred years or so?

DOCTOR:

Not even in a million. I've meddled in this planet's affairs for the last time. Get in, both of you.

FX: THEY ENTER THE TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

What's past is prologue.

FX: HE SHUTS THE DOOR. THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

(MUSIC: CLOSING THEME)

THE END